

DELL
COMIC

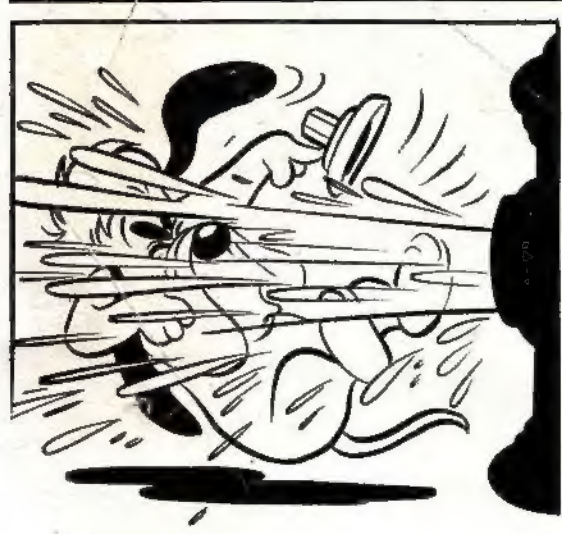
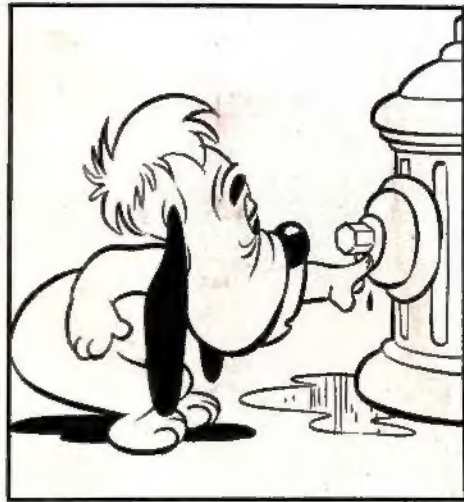
FEBRUARY
10¢

Tom and Jerry

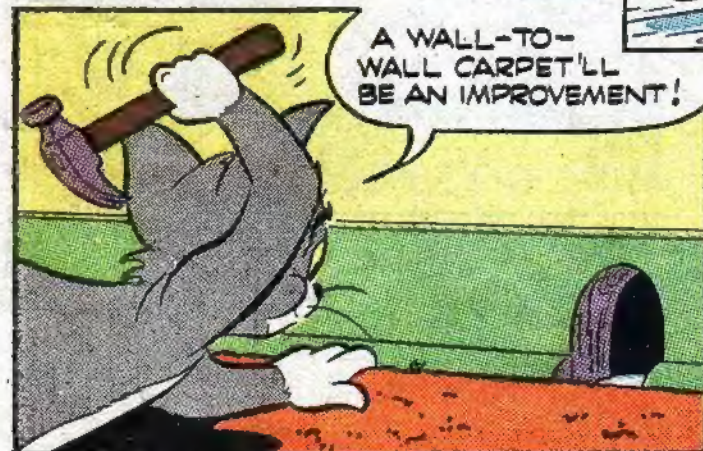
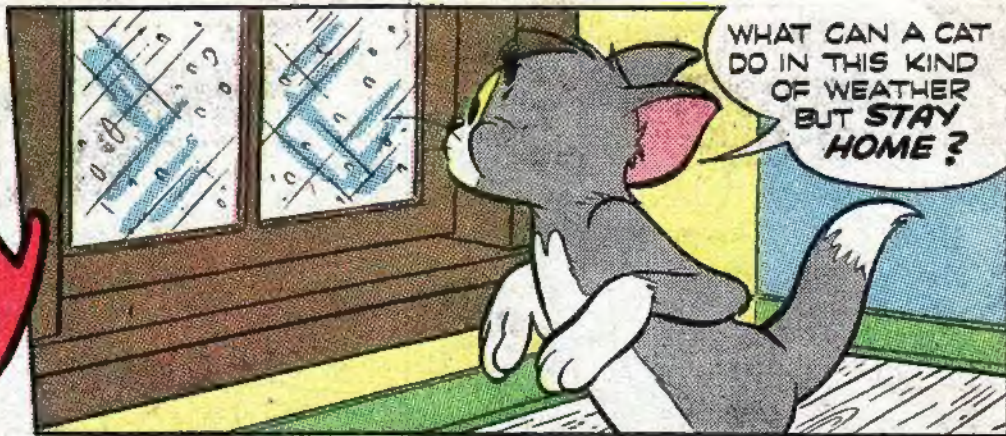
Comics



DOODY



M-G-M CARTOONS
present
TOM and JERRY

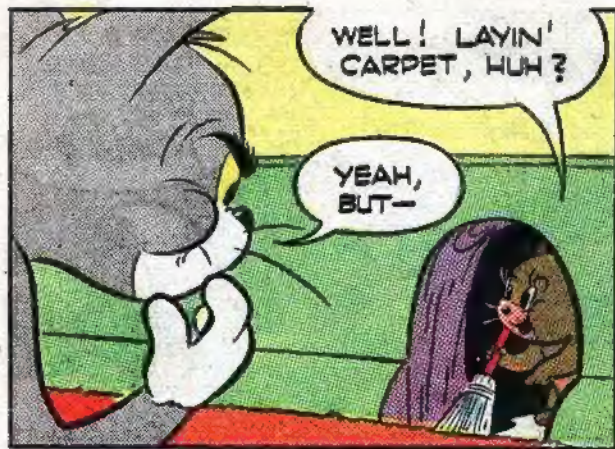


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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



WELL! LAYIN' CARPET, HUH?

YEAH, BUT—



—THERE'S A LITTLE REPAIR WORK I SHOULD HAVE DONE FIRST!

IT SURE IMPROVES THE FRONT OF OUR MOUSEHOLE!



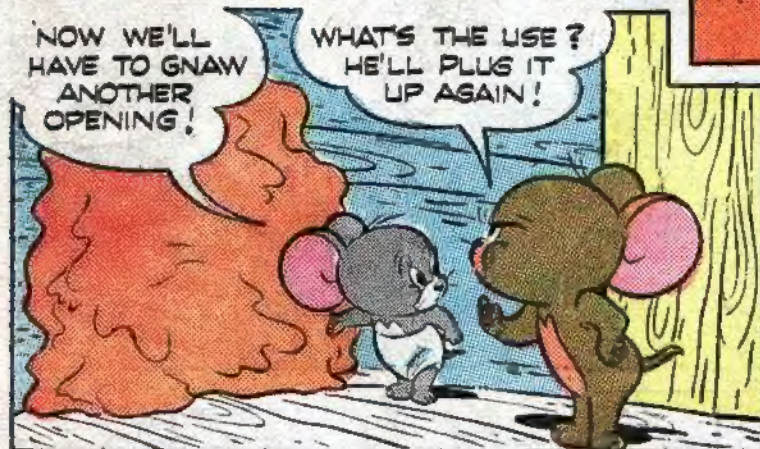
WHAT MOUSEHOLE?

WHAP!



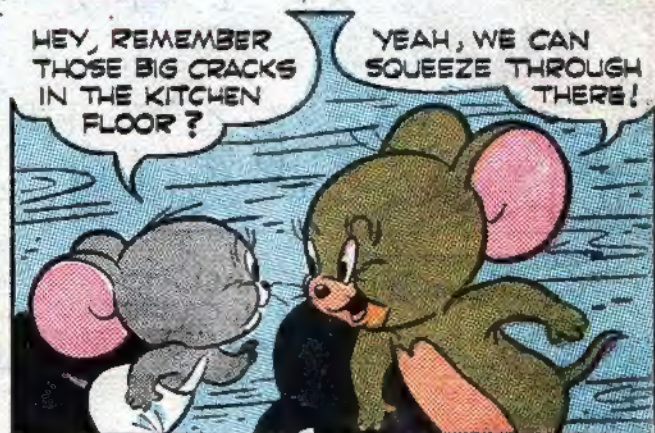
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

HEH, HEH, EXCEPT FOR THOSE LITTLE MUFFLED VOICES, YOU'D NEVER KNOW THERE'D BEEN A HOLE THERE!



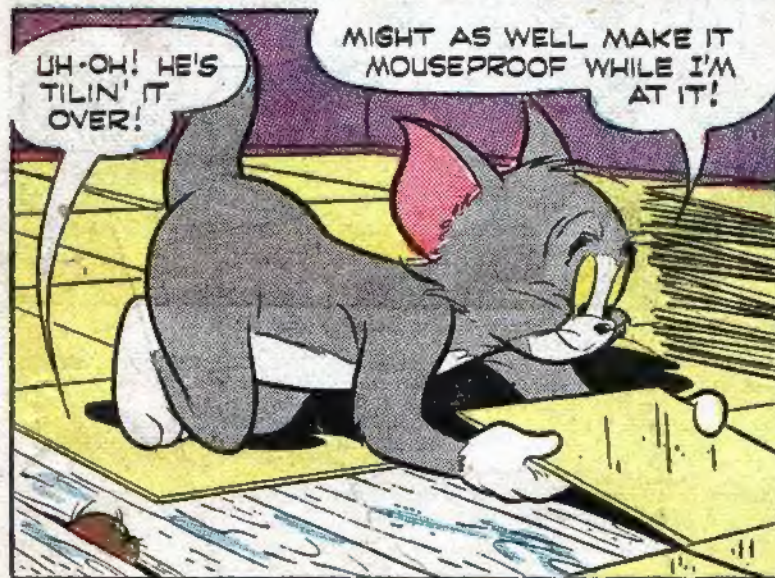
NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GNAW ANOTHER OPENING!

WHAT'S THE USE? HE'LL PLUS IT UP AGAIN!



HEY, REMEMBER THOSE BIG CRACKS IN THE KITCHEN FLOOR?

YEAH, WE CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH THERE!

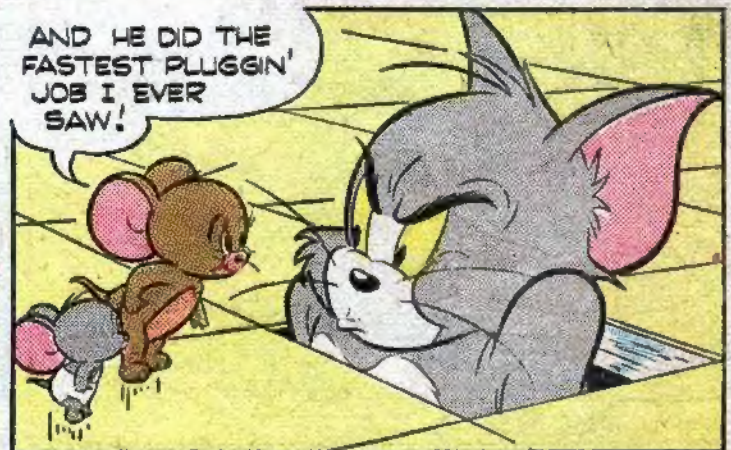
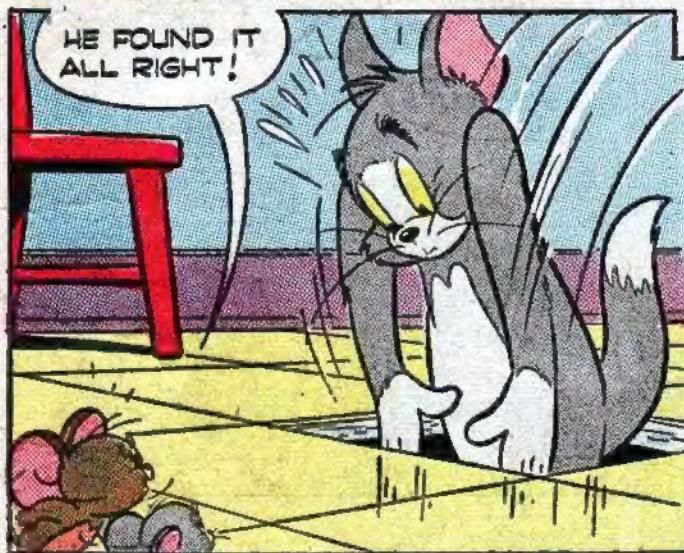
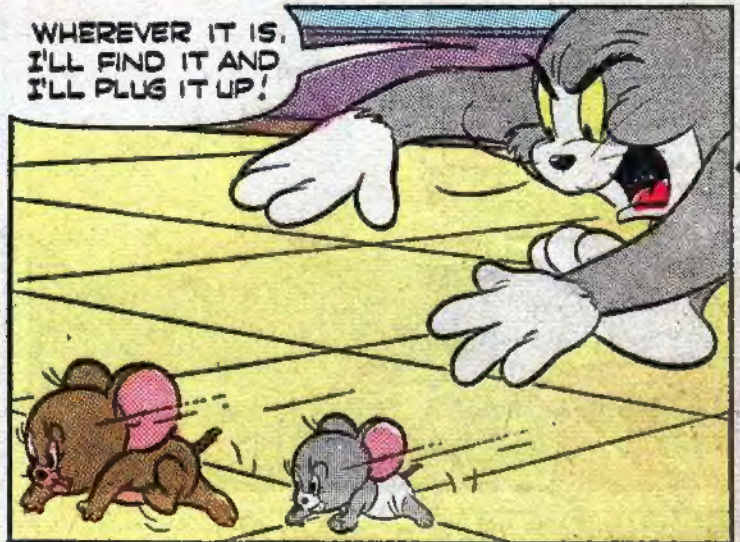
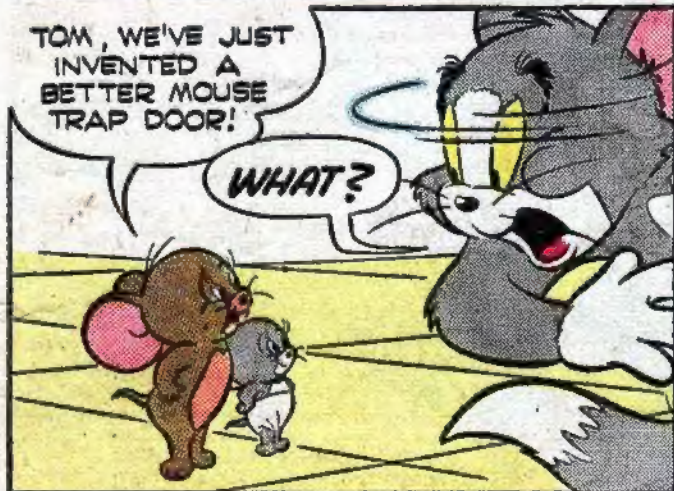
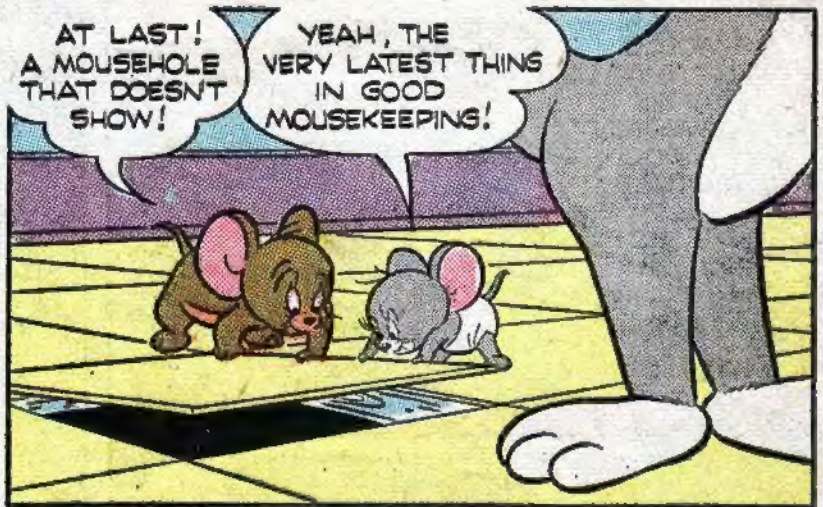
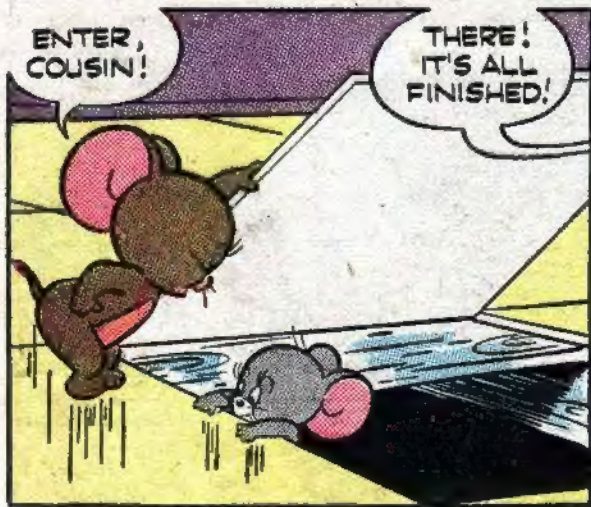


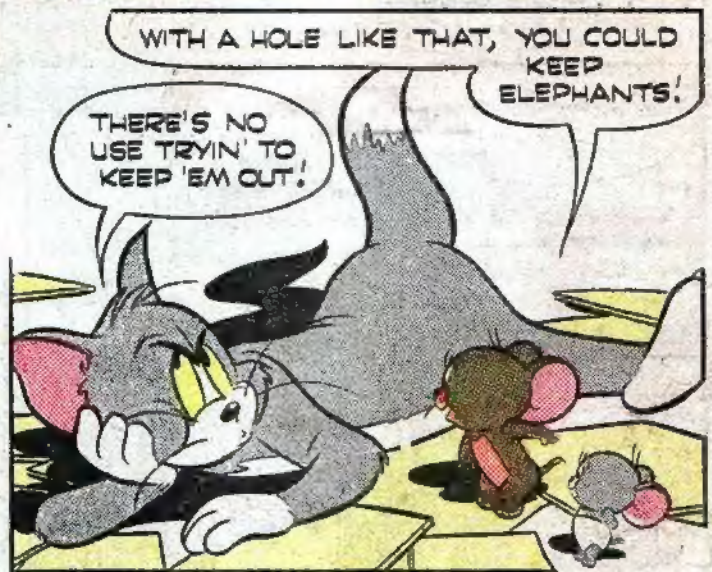
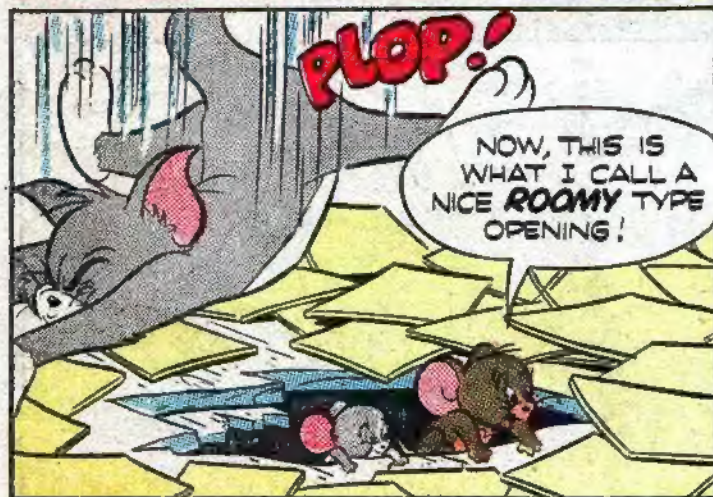
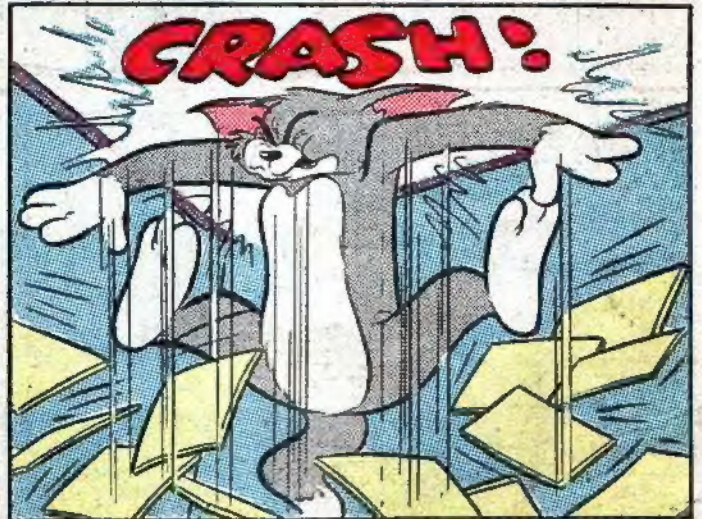
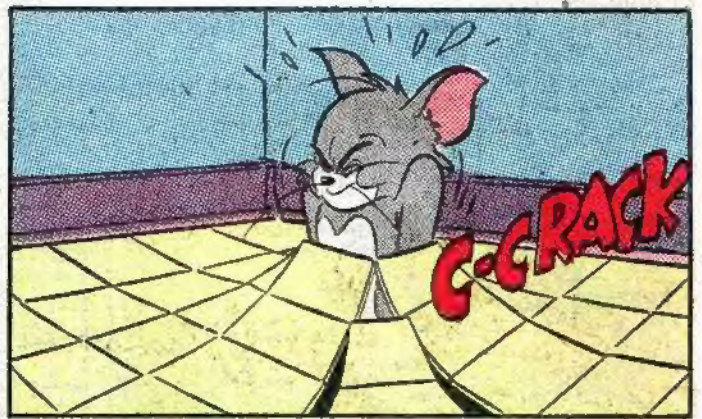
UH-OH! HE'S TILIN' IT OVER!

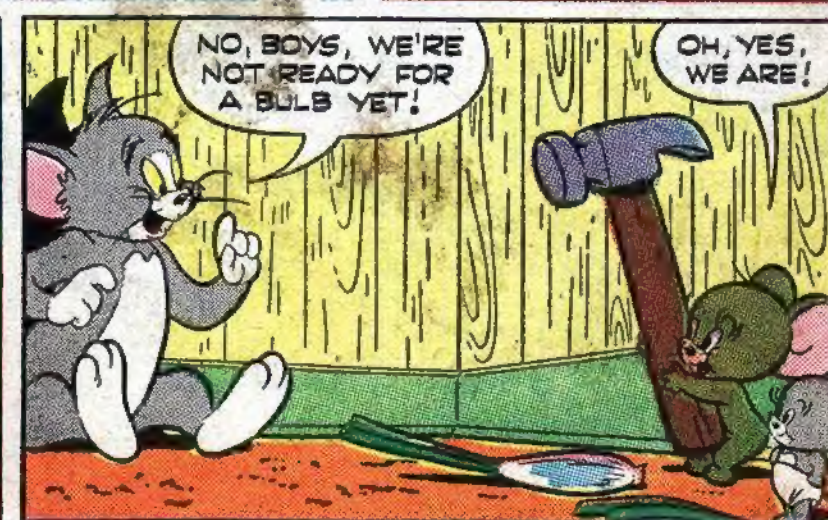
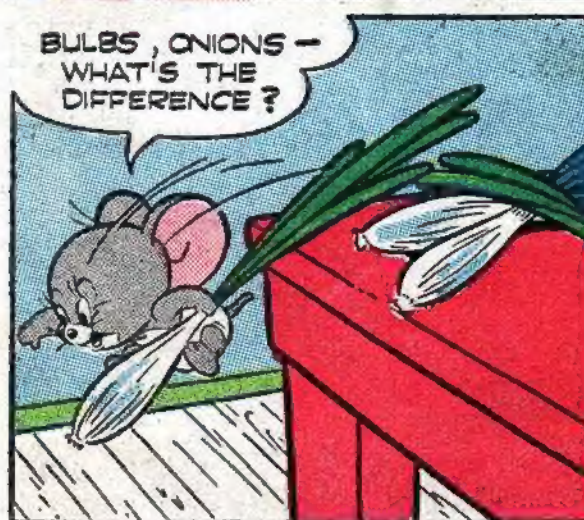
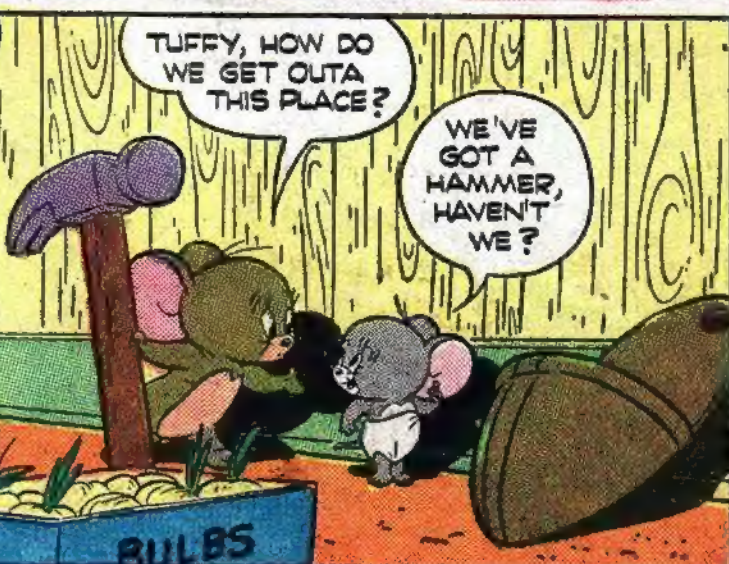
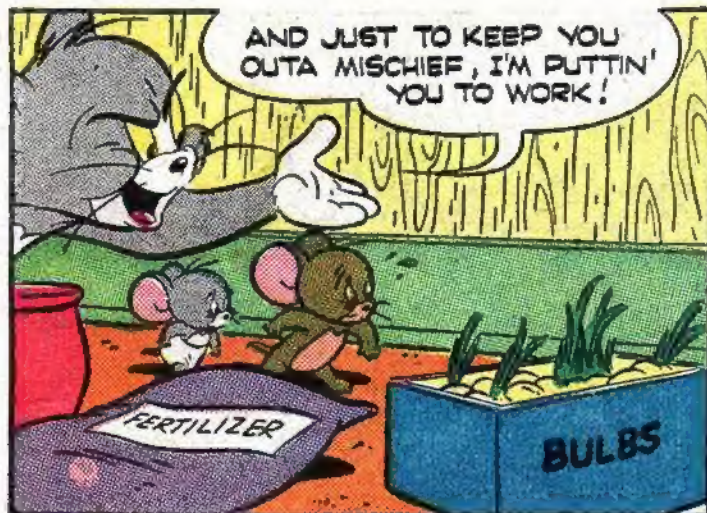
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE IT MOUSEPROOF WHILE I'M AT IT!

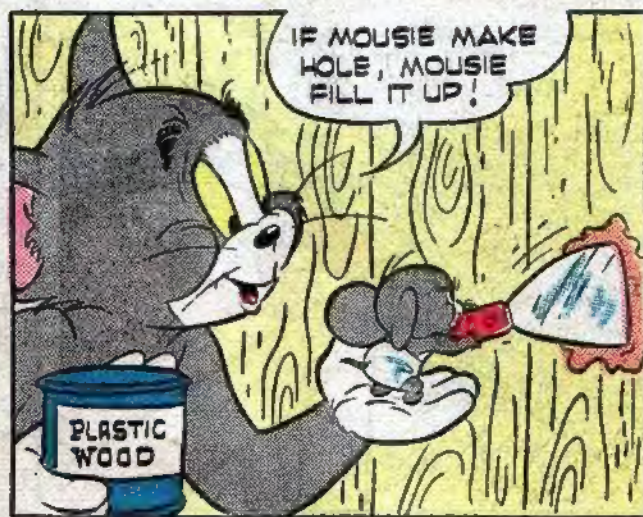
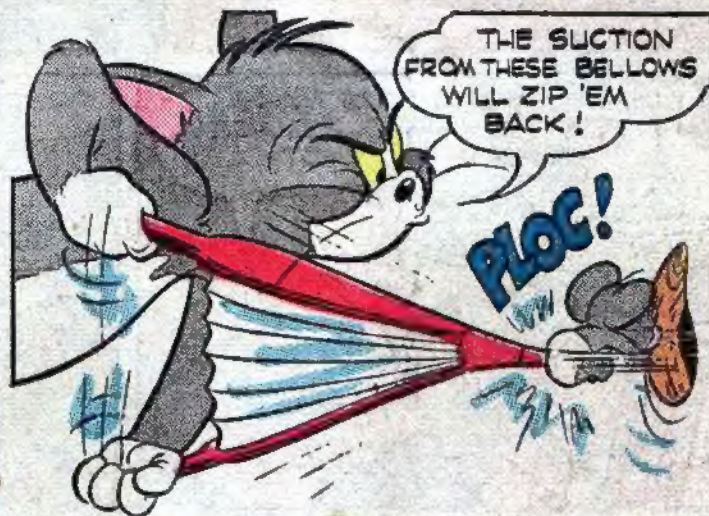
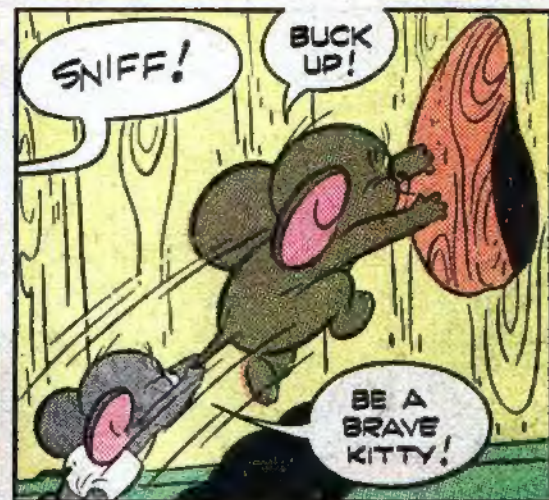
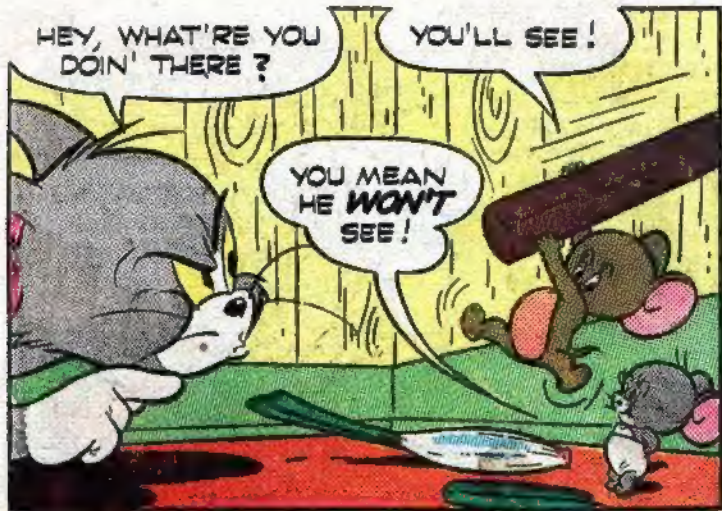


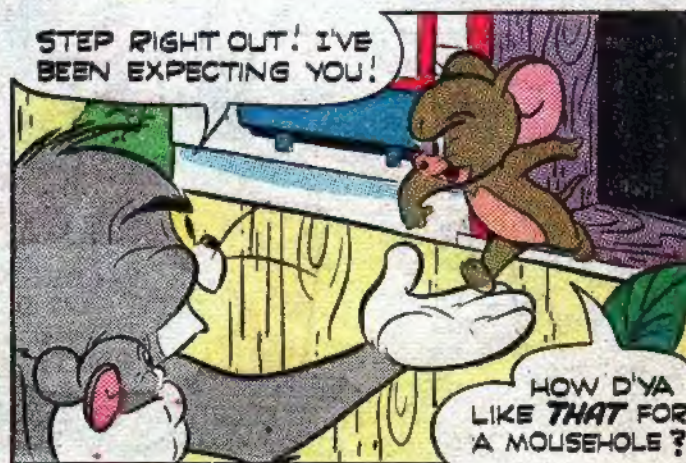
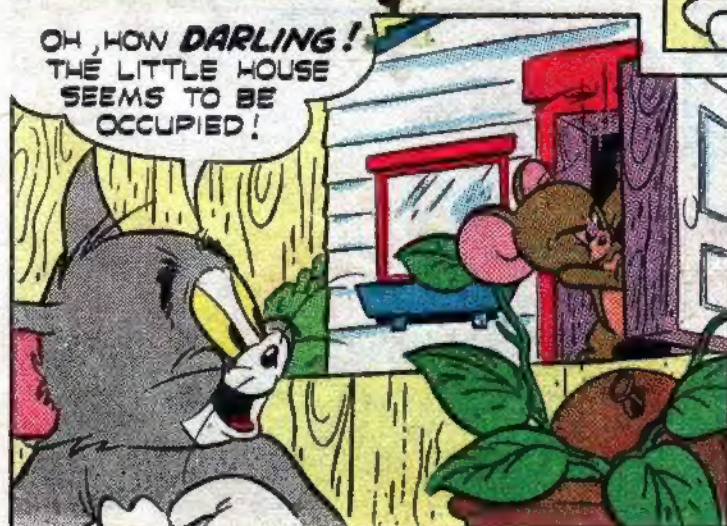
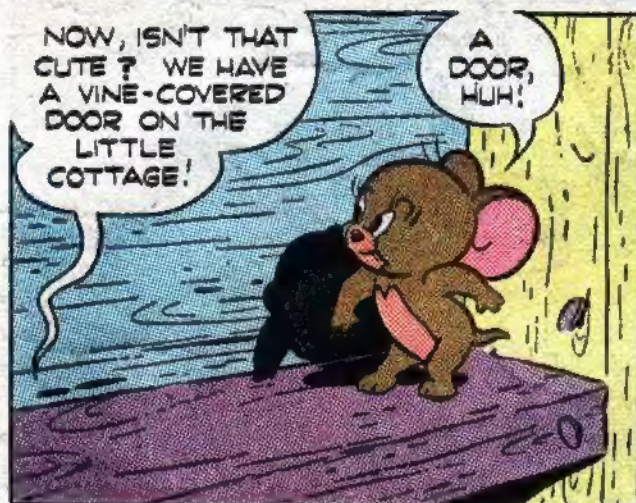
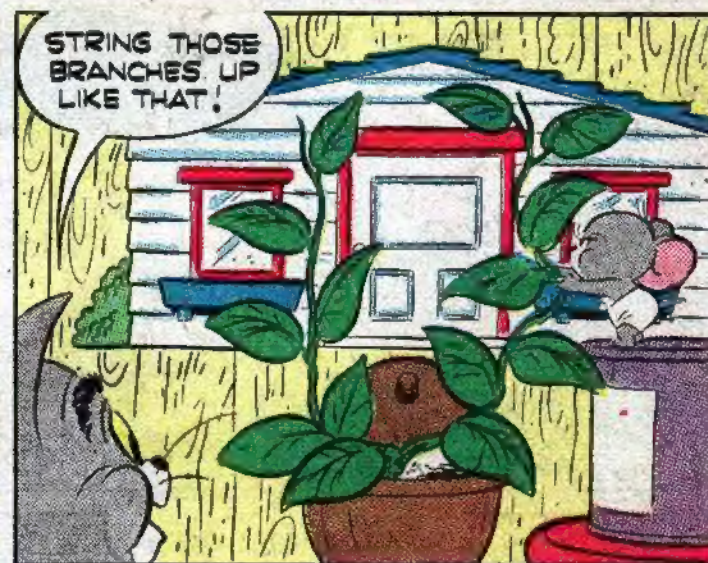
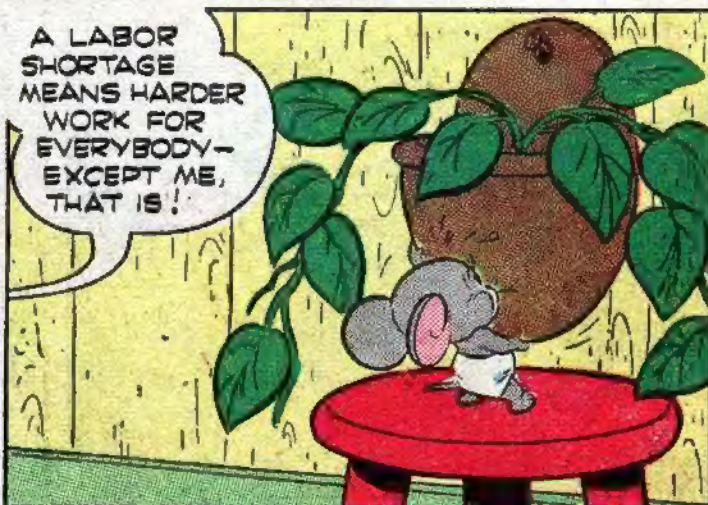
WHY, THEY'D HAVE TO SAW THEIR WAY IN HERE!



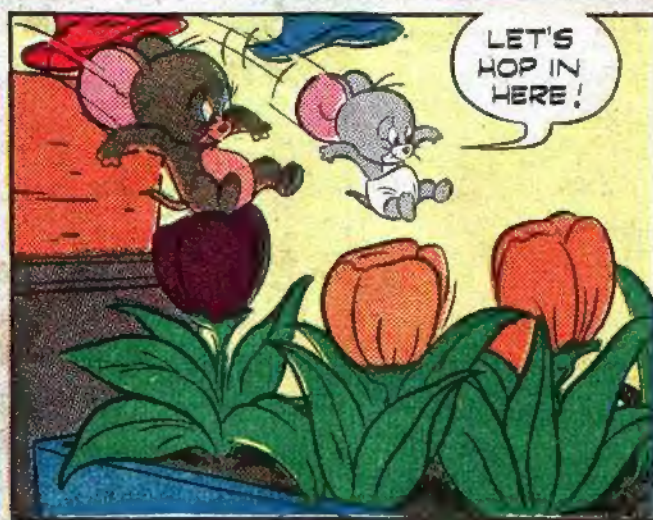
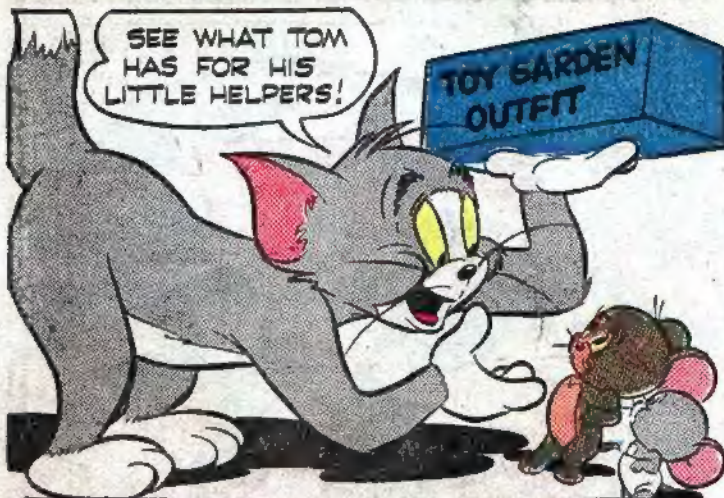
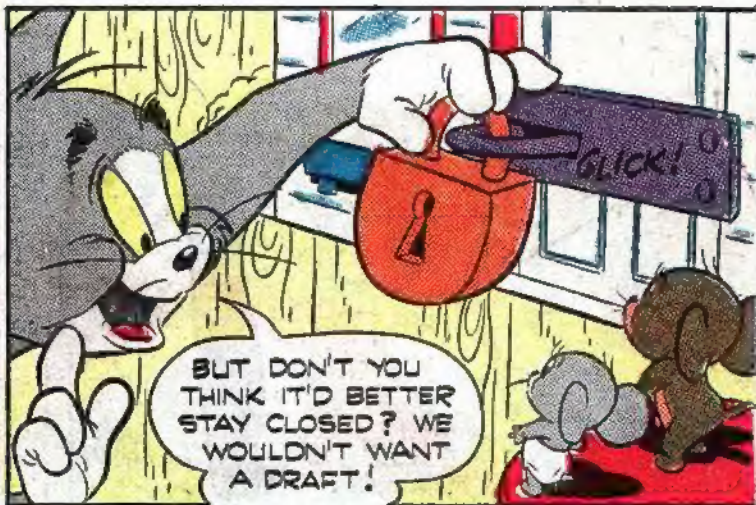
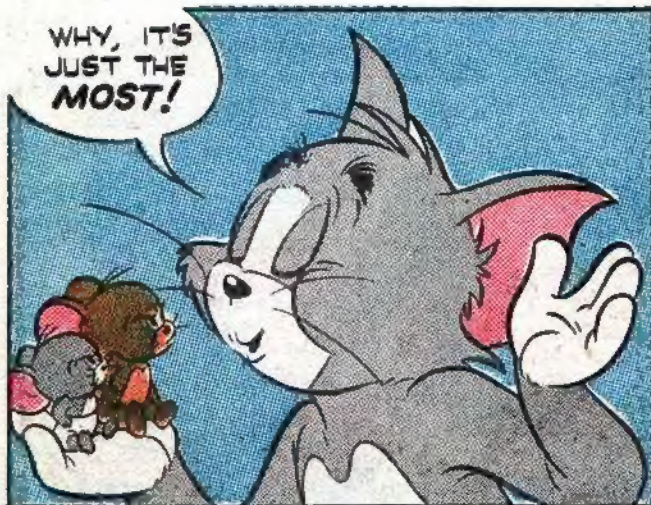


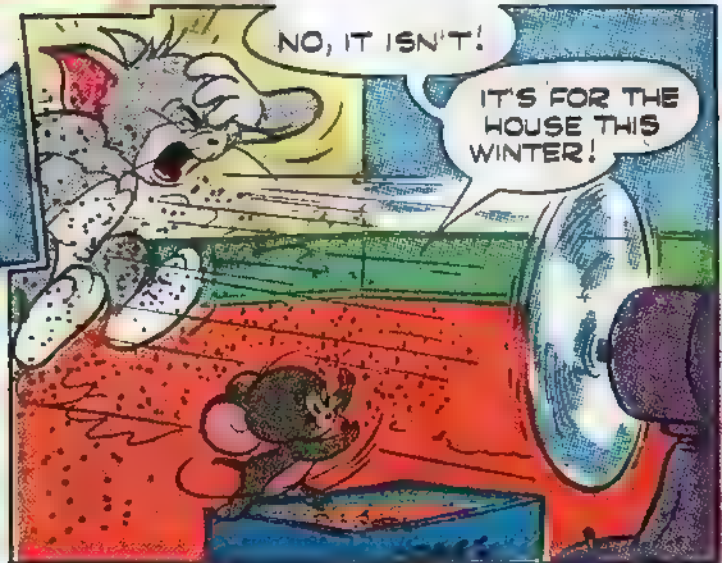
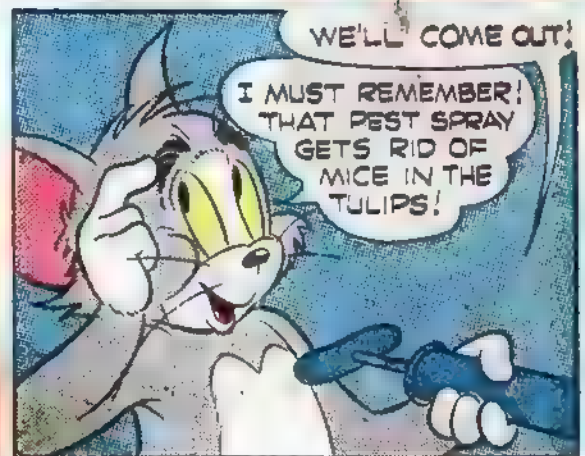
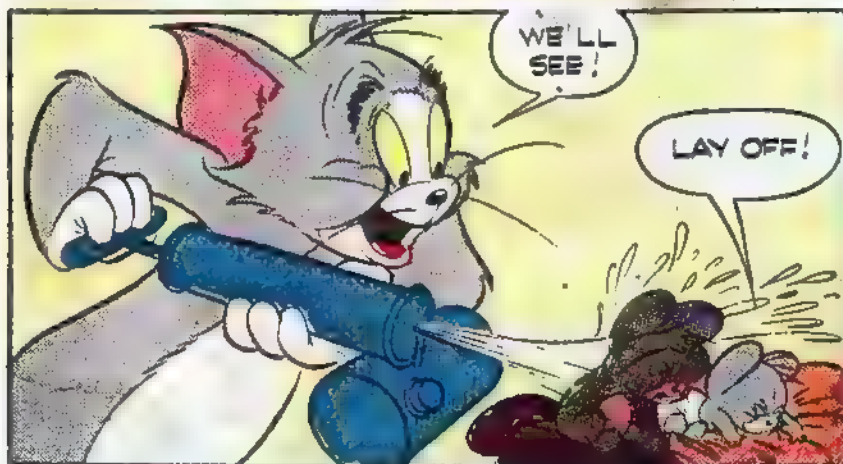
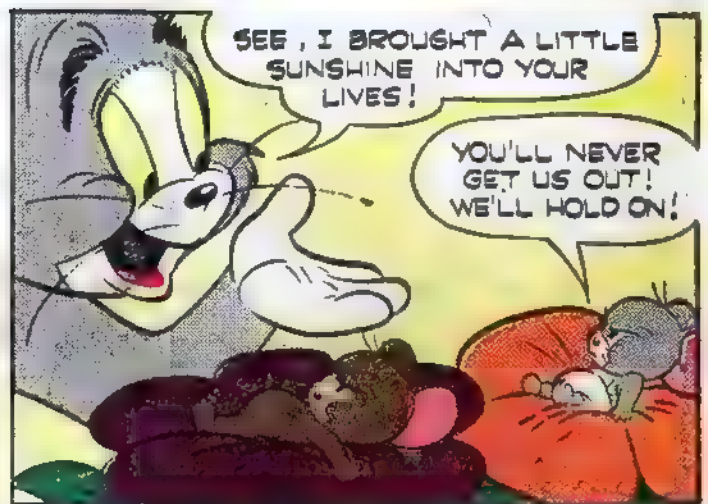
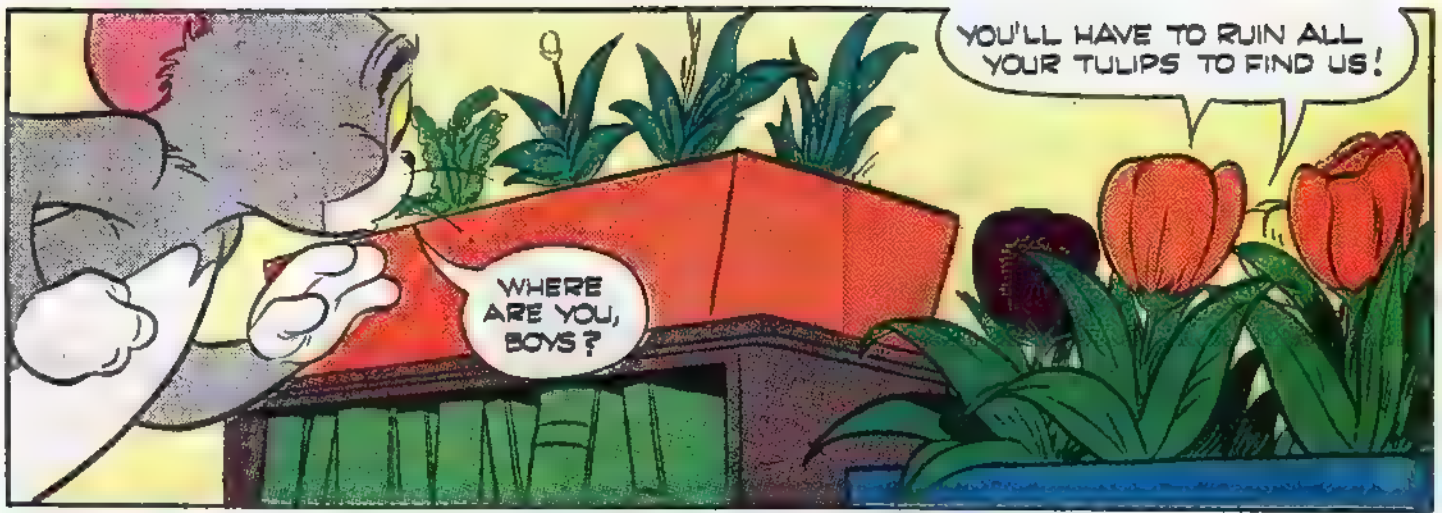


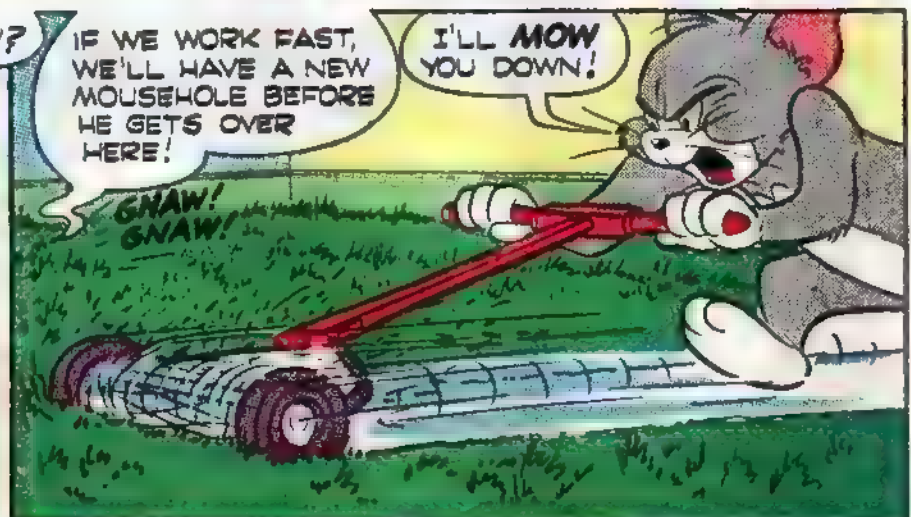
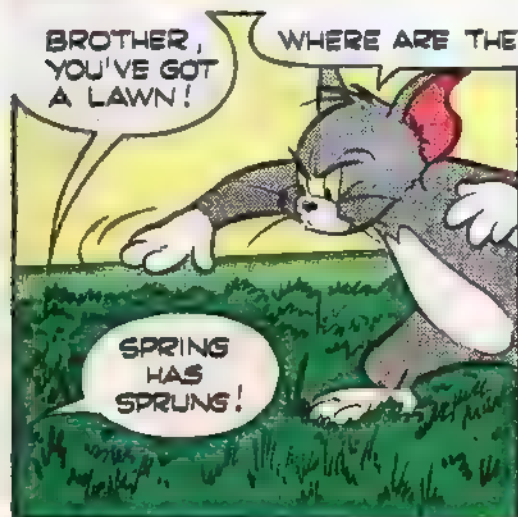
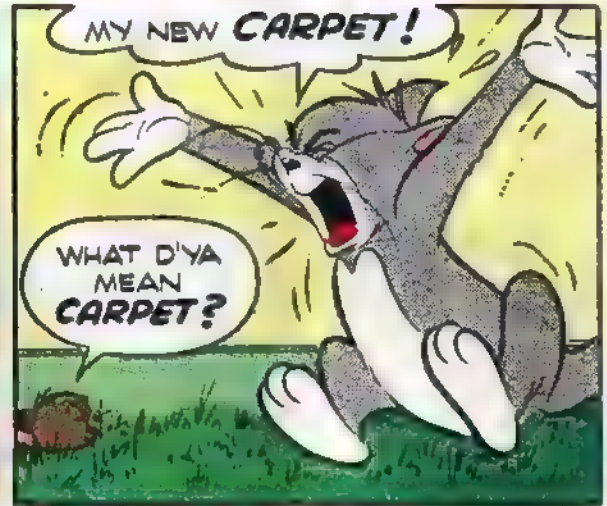
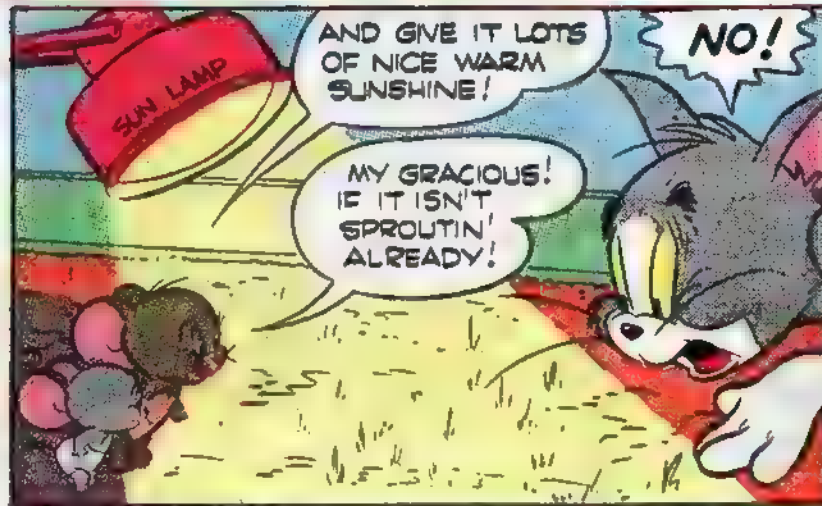
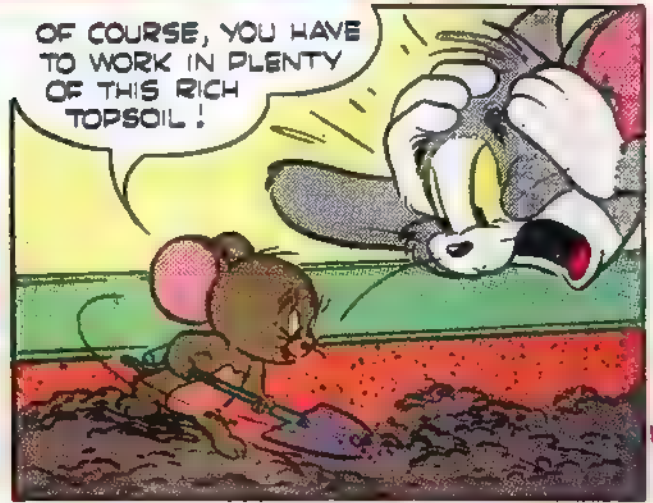
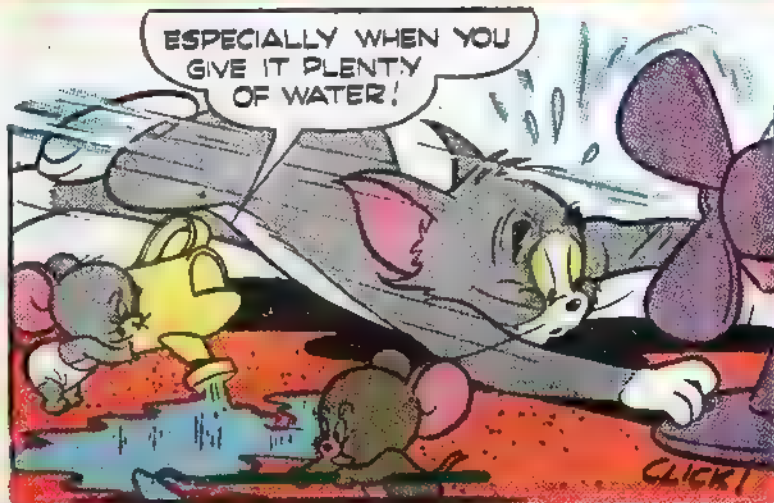
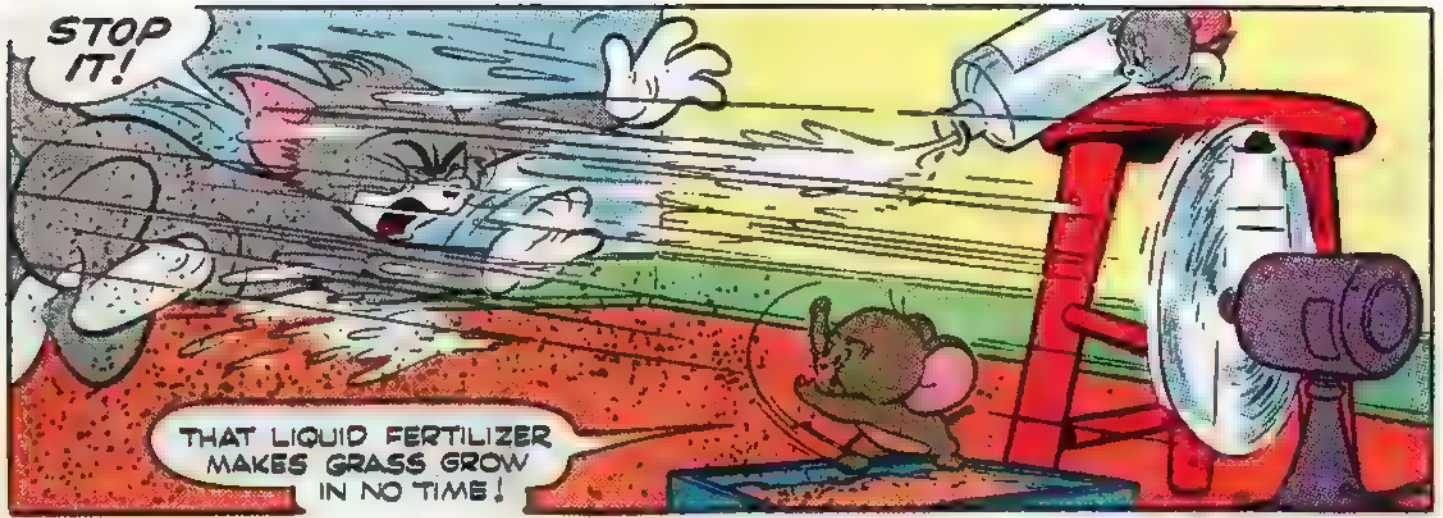




HOW D'YA LIKE *THAT* FOR A MOUSEHOLE?

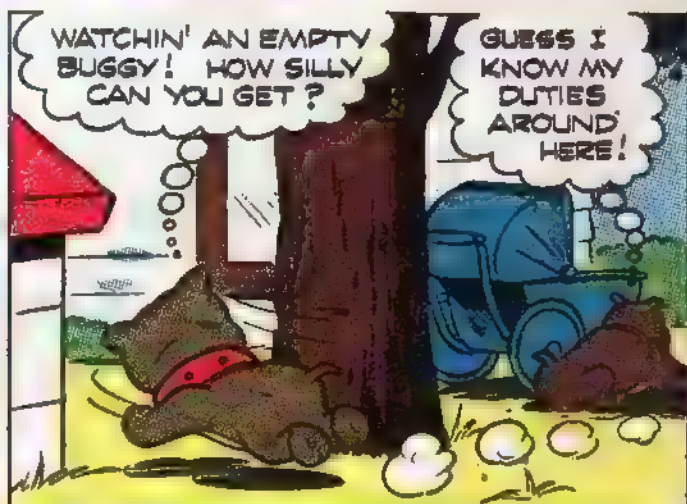
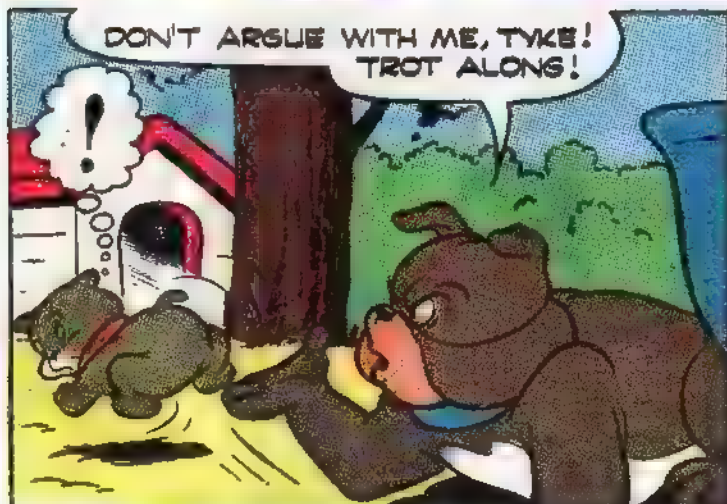
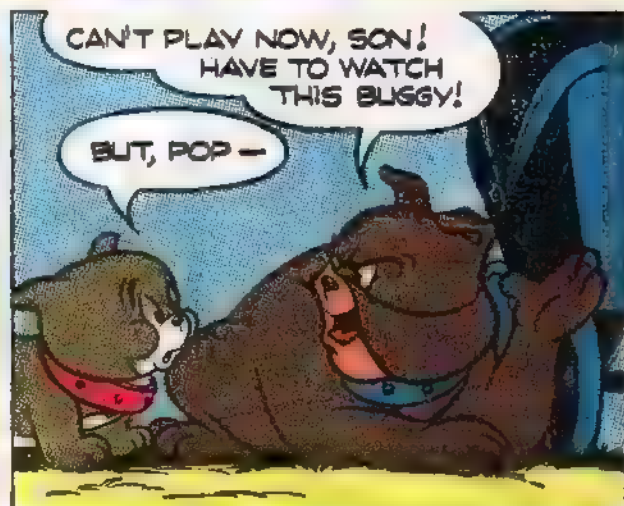
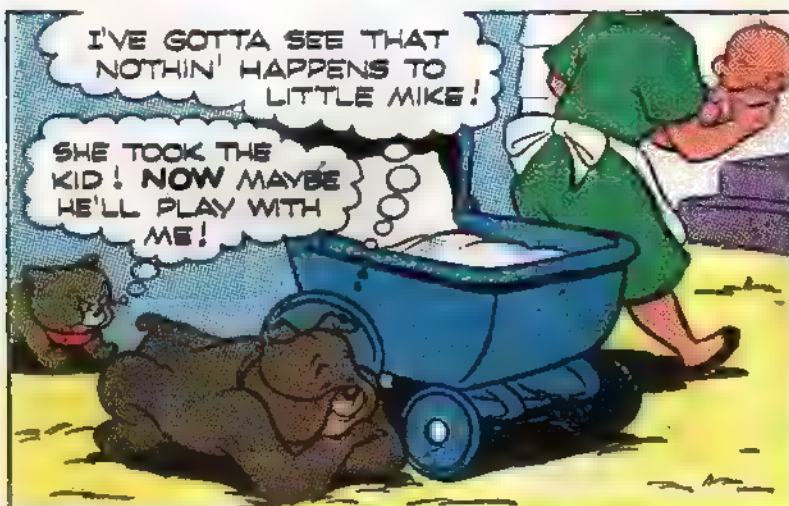
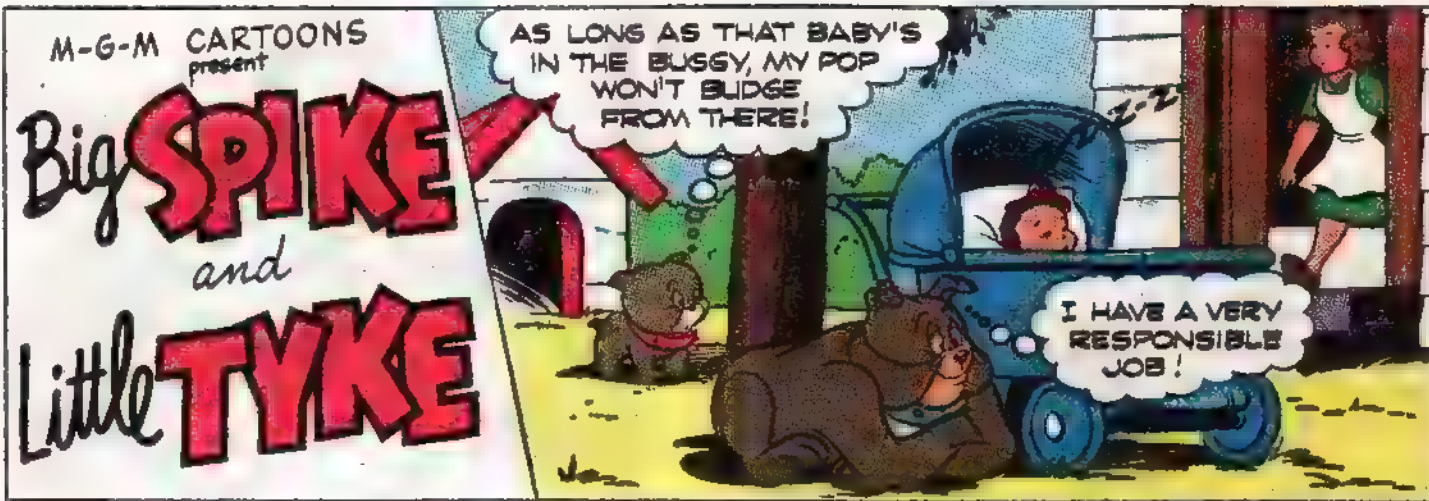


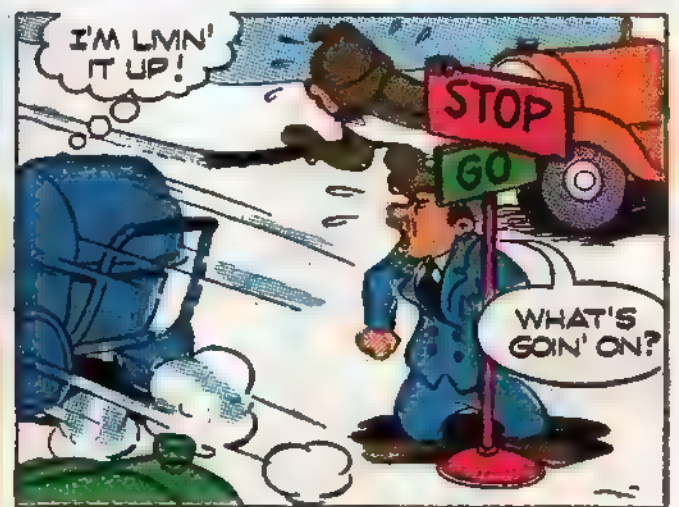
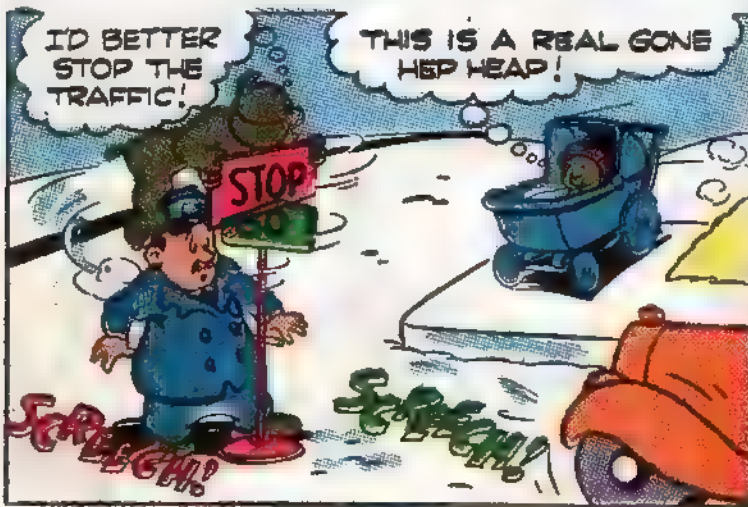
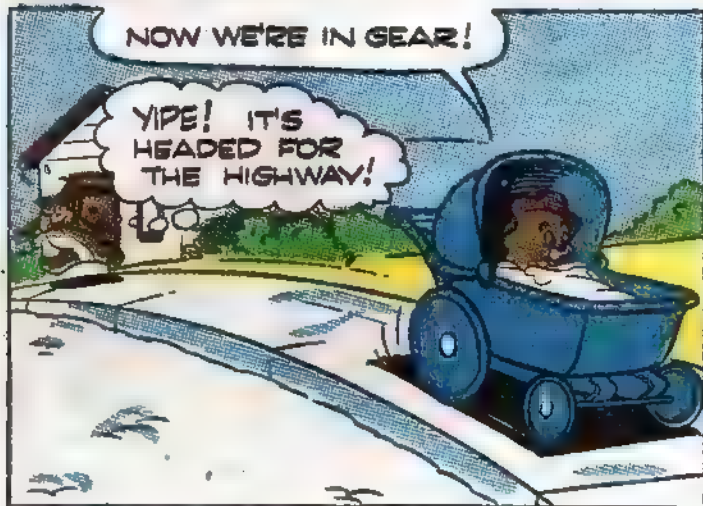
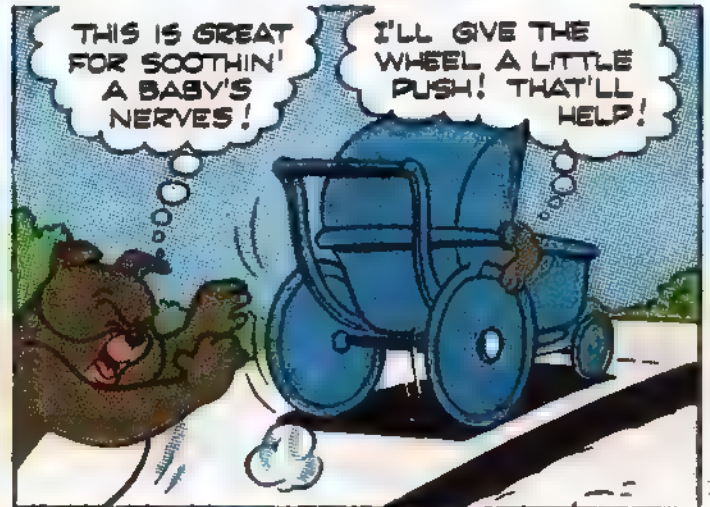
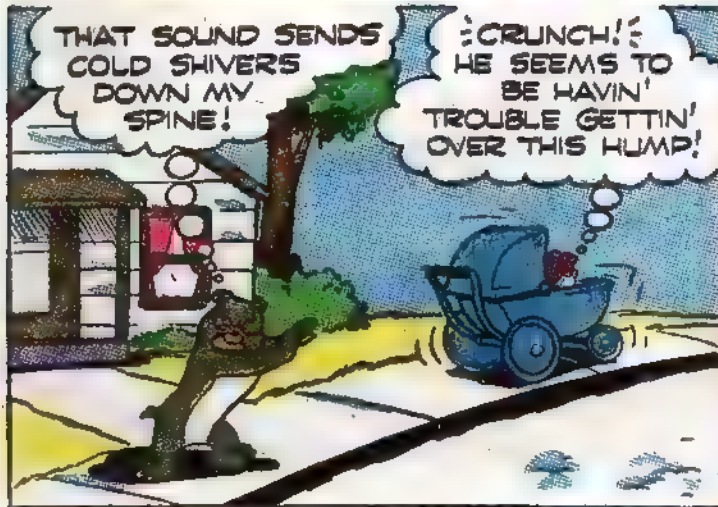
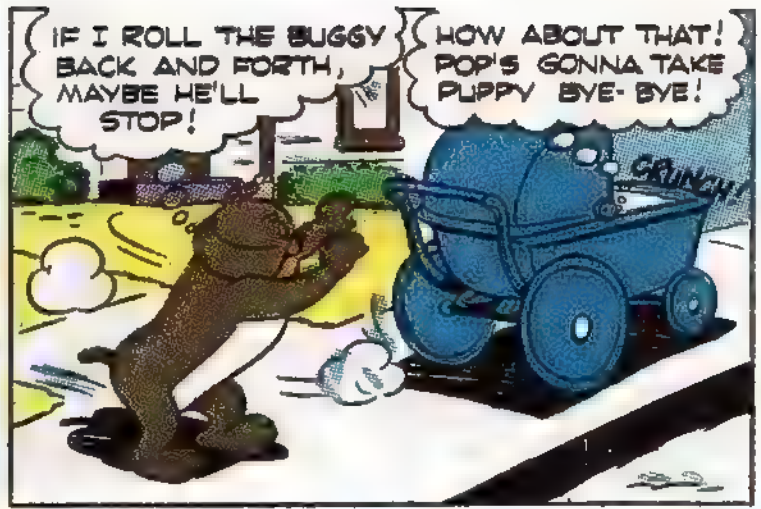
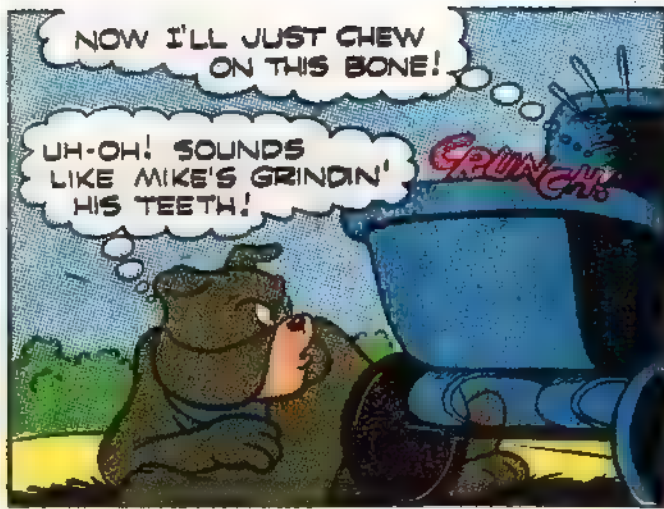


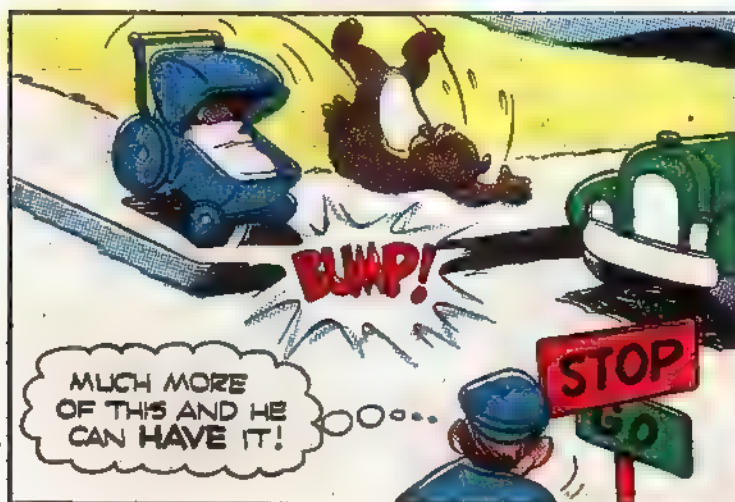
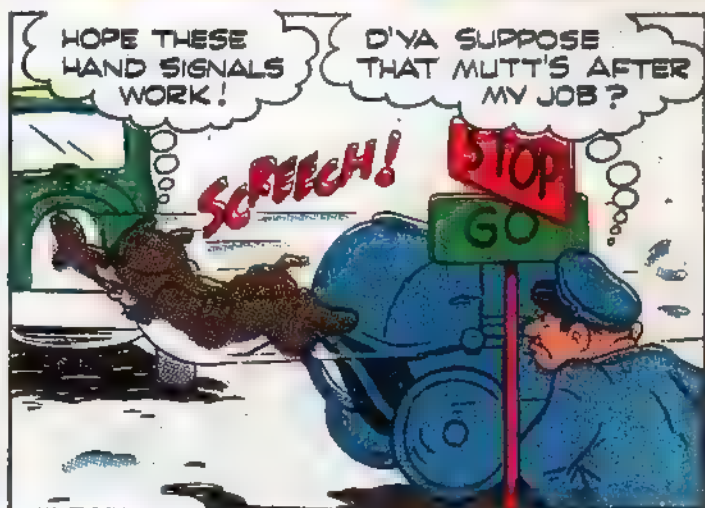
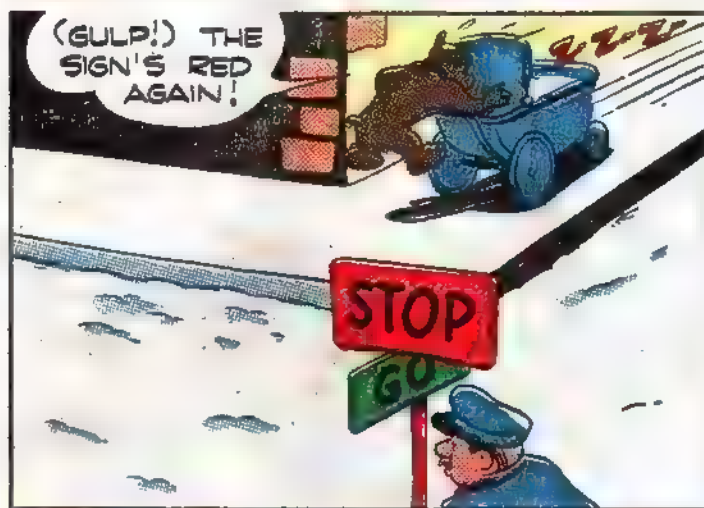
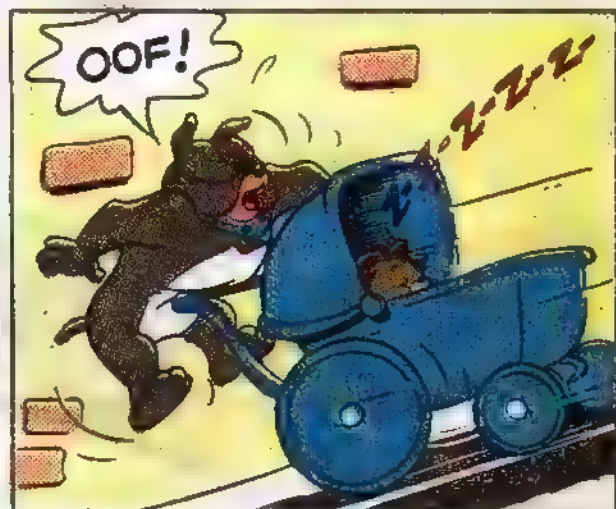
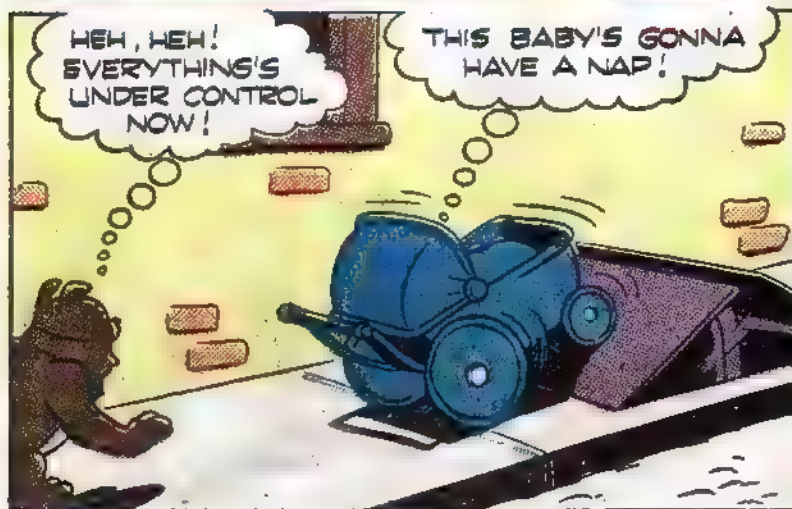
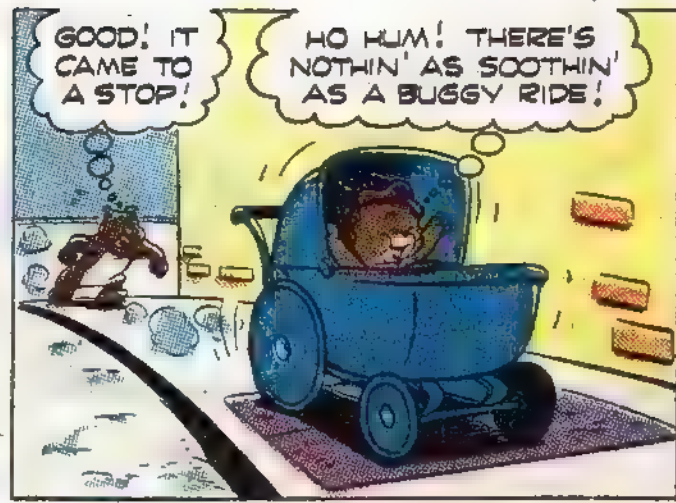
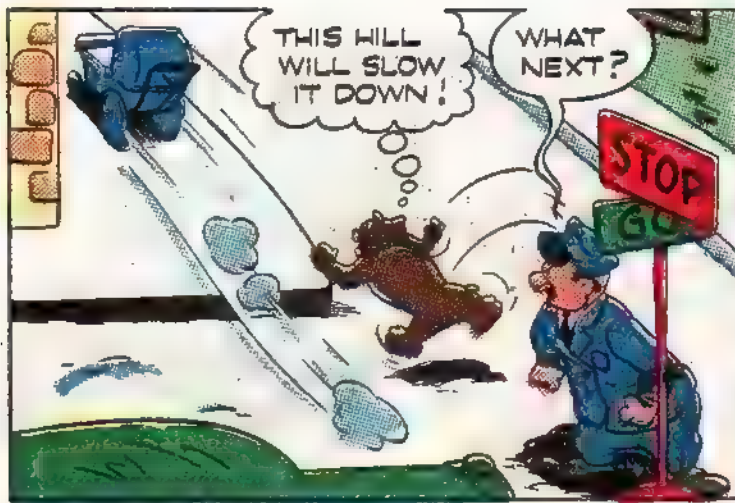


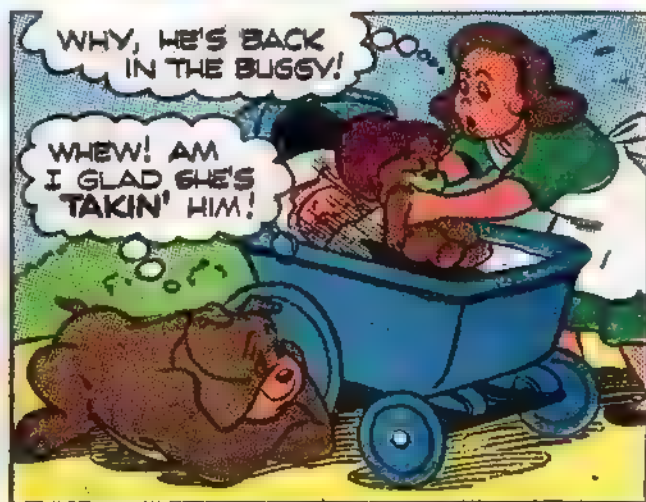
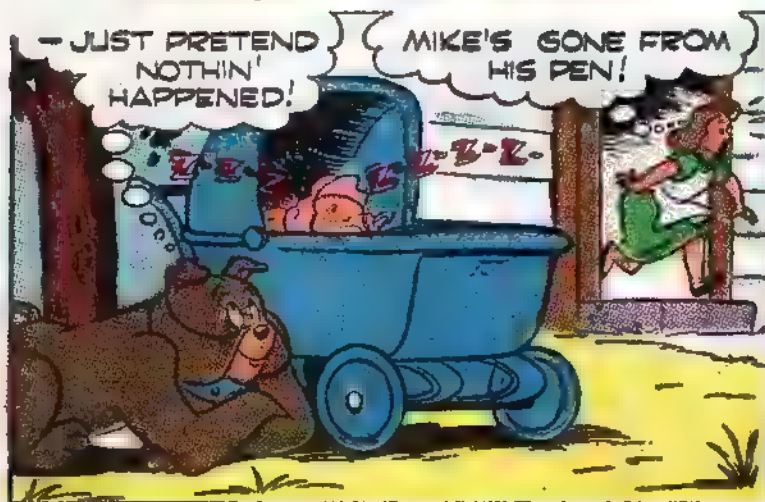
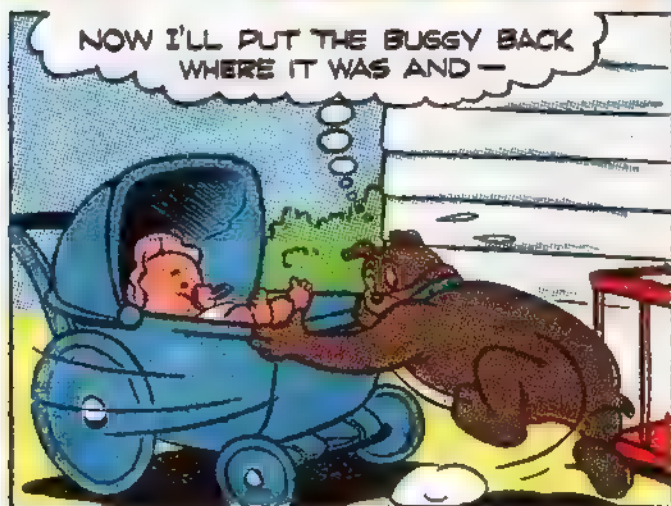
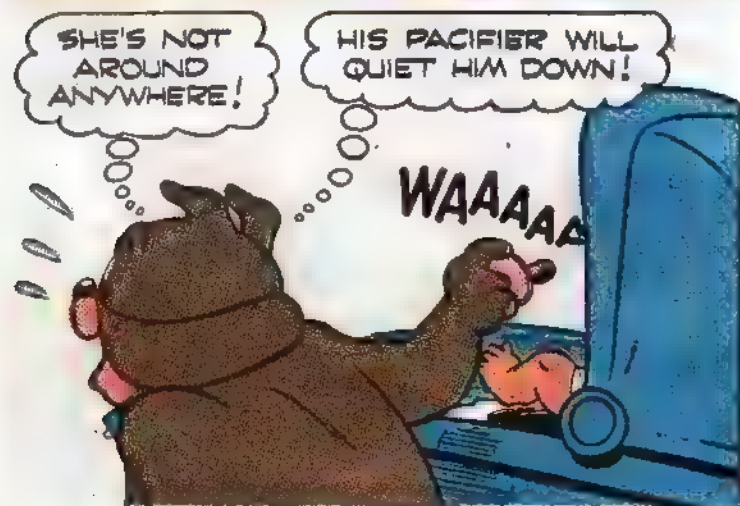
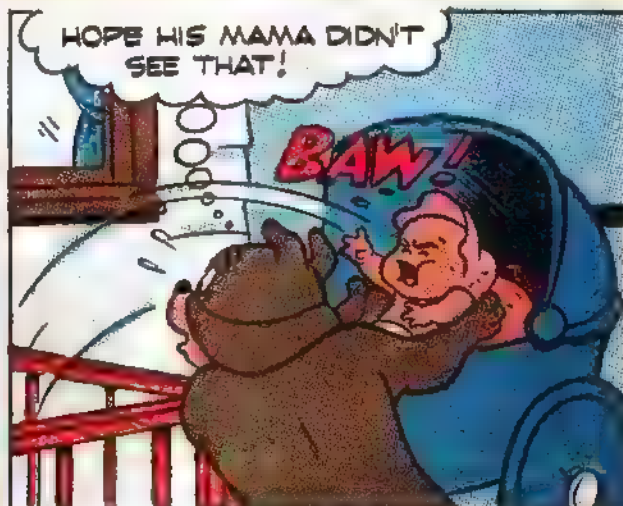
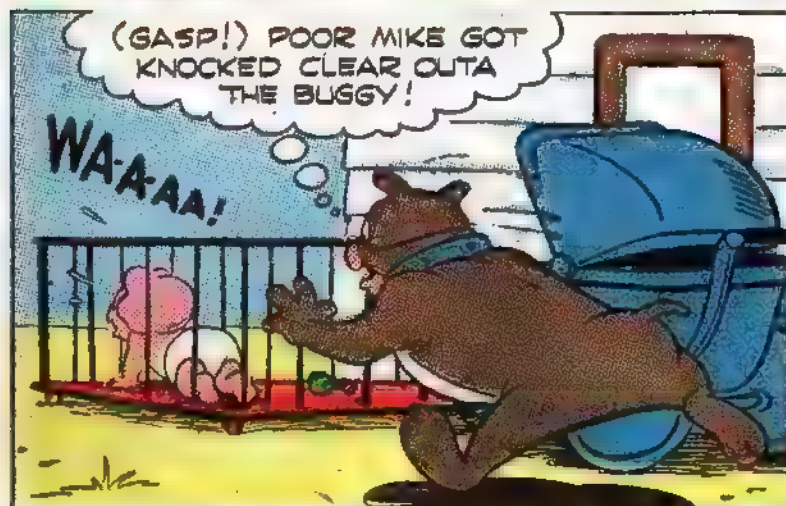
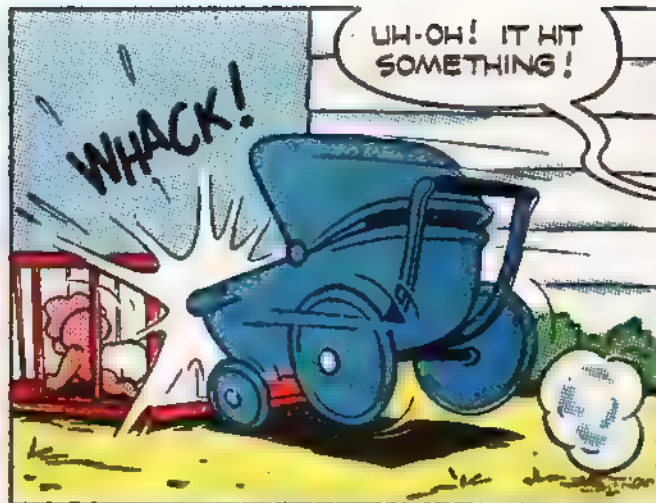
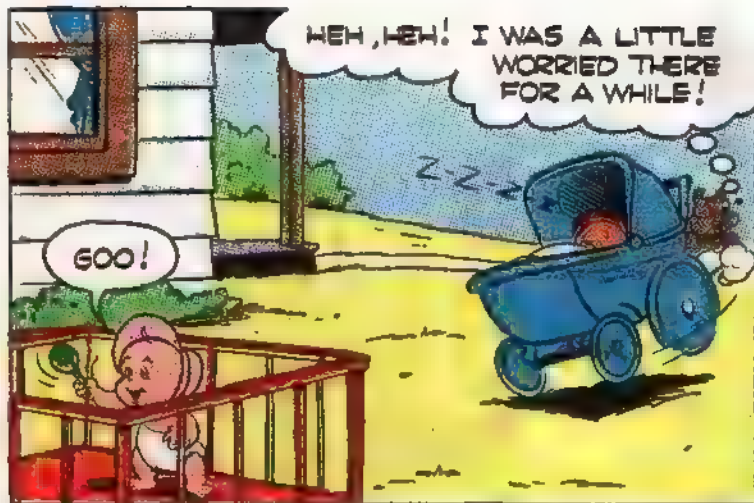
M-G-M CARTOONS
present

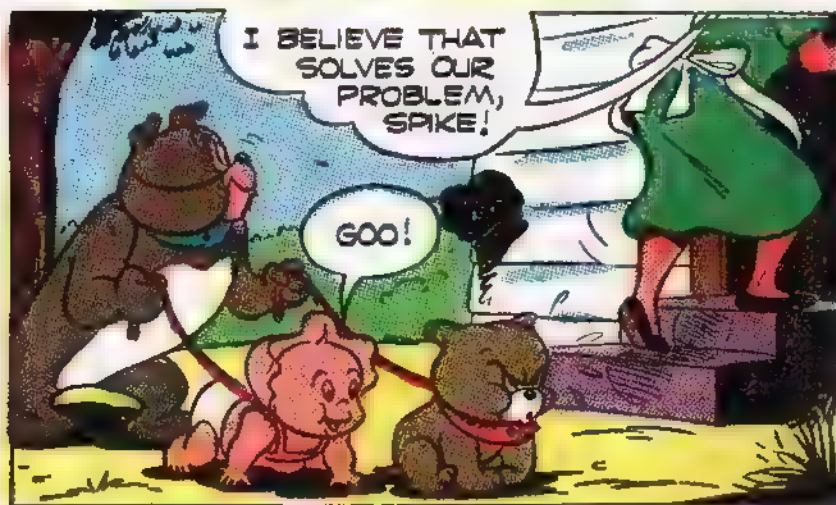
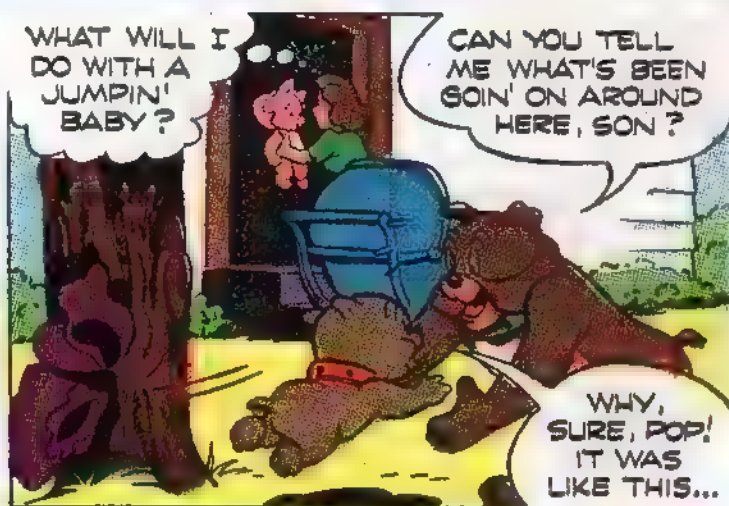
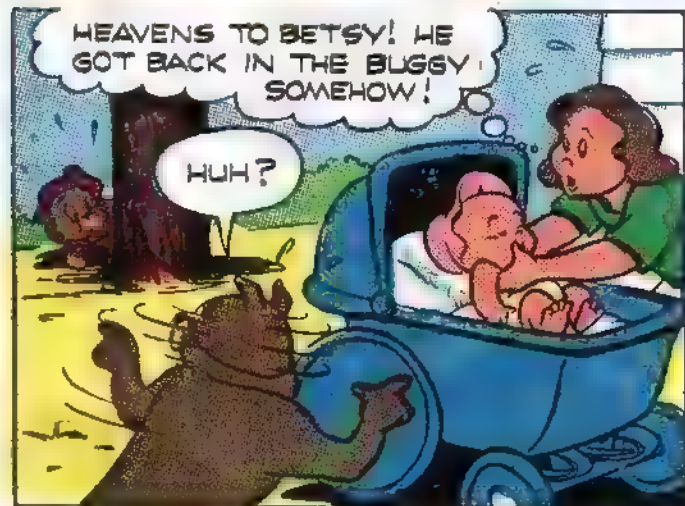
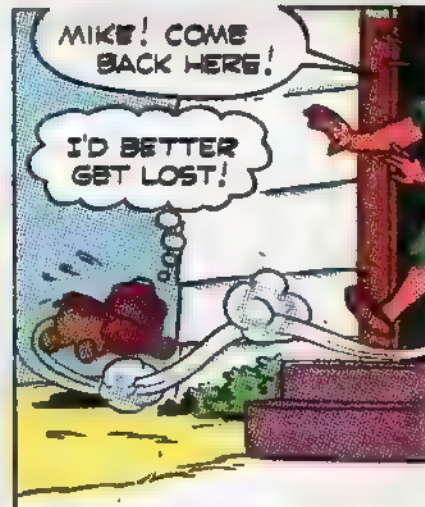
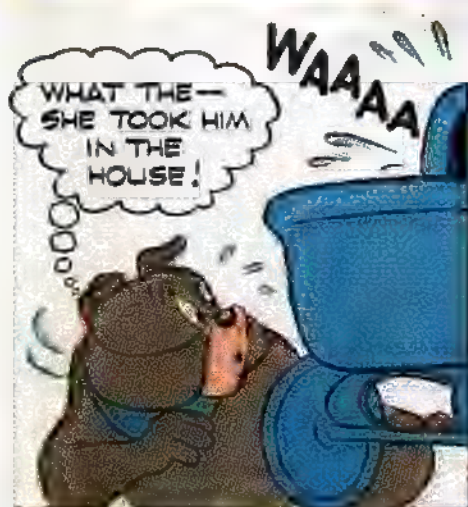
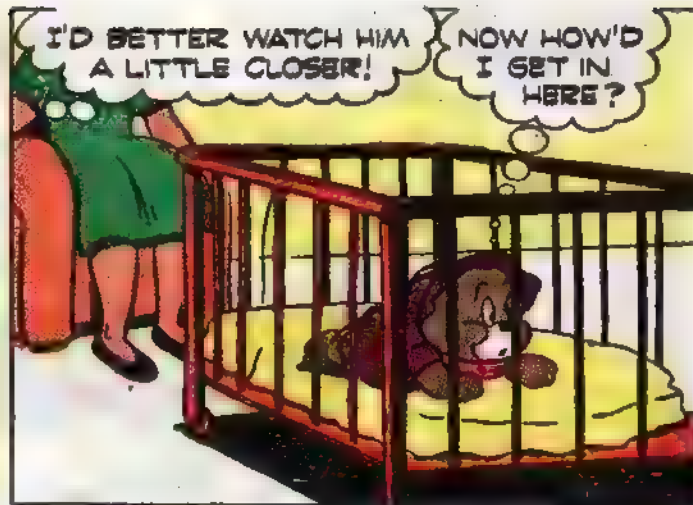
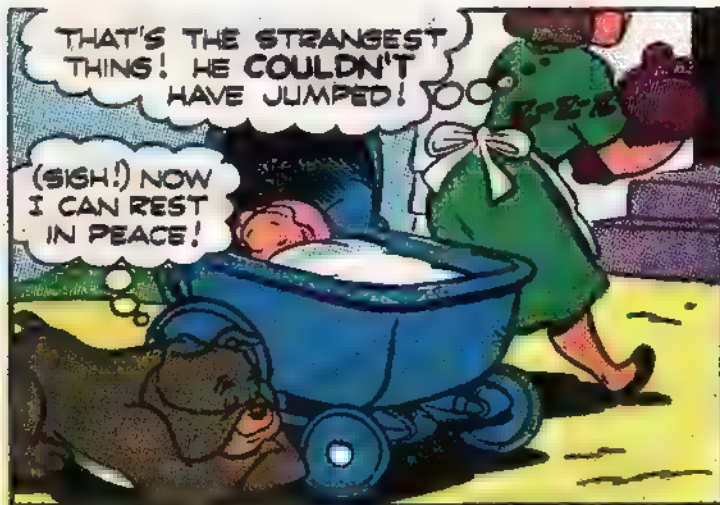
Big SPIKE and Little TYKE













"Bertie!" called Mrs. Bluebird. It was her come-here-this-minute-and-no-nonsense voice, so Bertie immediately pulled out of a dive he was practicing and hurried home.

Mrs. Bluebird was getting ready to go out.

"Bertie, dear," she said, "Mrs. Jay and I are going out to get some dinner. I told her you wouldn't mind watching her children while we're gone."

The Jay children? There were four of them—all noisy. "Chee, Mom," Bertie protested, "that's no job for a boy! Baby sitting's for girls!"

"Well, I don't have any girls," stated Mrs. Bluebird, "so you'll just have to do."

Bertie squirmed. "Aw, Mom," he pleaded, "the fellows will think I'm a sissy—"

"Bertie," his mother interrupted, "would you like to be grounded for a week?"

That was standard punishment for disobedience, and it was awful, not being able to fly for a whole week. "Okay," he sighed, "I'll do it."

But Bertie was not happy. He was even less happy when he got to the Jay home and the four little Jays started shrieking, all at the same time.

"They're so fond of Bertie," beamed Mrs. Jay.

She gave him careful instructions about their feeding, and then she and Mrs. Bluebird started out to hunt for dinner for their families.

"Let's play!" shrilled the little Jays.

"Go ahead," said Bertie. "I'll be around if you need me."

"No, we want you to play with us!" all four screamed. They made such a fuss about it that Bertie had to say yes. He felt awfully

silly, though, playing the little baby-bird games he had outgrown a long time ago. And when he heard a giggle from a nearby tree, he looked up quickly.

There sat Susie Sparrow.

Bertie flushed. "Don't you dare tell anyone," he threatened darkly.

Susie pertly flipped her tail and flew away, and Bertie turned back to his small charges, who were clamoring for more games.

"Lunchtime!" Bertie shouted, trying to make himself heard above the racket.

While he was trying to get them all properly fed, Bertie had another heckler. Mr. Robin, jaunty in his red vest, called cheerfully, "You make a fine mother, Bertie!"

Bertie checked a sharp reply. Being rude to one's elders was another good way to get grounded. He smiled weakly at Mr. Robin, who chuckled and went about his business.

With lunch out of the way, Bertie hopefully suggested a nap.

"No!" howled the little Jays. "We don't have to take naps any more. Let's play!" And they all began to argue about what to play next.

"Quiet!" Bertie roared. To his surprise, the little Jays looked at him in wide-eyed silence.

"I'm going to tell you some stories," Bertie said firmly. Again to his surprise, the four little Jays quietly settled down around him.

Bertie thought a minute. "Would you like to hear about my Uncle Boliver's adventures? He's the one who's been all over the world," he explained proudly.

"Oh, yes!" chorused the little Jays.

So Bertie told them about some of Uncle

Boliver's travels. He had started the story about his uncle's narrow escape from a tiger in India, when one of his audience interrupted.

"Bertie, what's a tiger?" he chirped.

"A tiger?" Bertie said. "Why, that's a ferocious big cat with black stripes. Anyhow," he continued, "there, Jay Uncle Boliver with a broken wing. The tiger was coming closer and closer—"

"TIGER!" screamed one of the little Jays.

"Now see here," Bertie said angrily, "do you want to hear the rest of this story or—" He choked. There was a tiger, climbing the very tree they sat in! Not a real tiger, of course—but a striped cat called "Tiger," the terror of the whole neighborhood.

"Okay," Bertie said as calmly as he could, "let's vacate."

"But, Bertie, we can't fly," quavered the little Jays.

No, they could not—they were too young. But what about the big cat creeping toward them? From the look on his face, Tiger's call was not social!

There was not much time, either. Something had to be done, and fast.

"Sit tight, kids," he said.

Bertie flew way up above the top of the tree and then went into a dive, just like he had been practicing that morning. Down and down he plummeted, straight at the startled cat, who lost his balance and fell.

He had hardly hit the ground when Bertie was upon him, scolding and pecking. Tiger tried to make a dignified escape, but Bertie darted after him. Susie Sparrow finally came to his aid, and together they got Tiger on the run. When Mr. Robin joined them,

Tiger let out one terrified yelp and streaked for cover.

"I'll bet that cat doesn't stop running for a week," chuckled Mr. Robin. "Susie—Bertie—you're brave little birds!"

But Susie would take none of the credit. "Bertie did it," she said. "He knocked Tiger right out of the tree!"

"Well, Bertie," Mr. Robin said fondly, "you seem to have things under control here. I'll be on my way."

Bertie and Susie started back to the little Jays, who were loudly cheering for Bertie. They really weren't bad kids, he decided.

Just then Bertie's mother and Mrs. Jay returned from town.

"Goodness, what's all the uproar?" cried Mrs. Jay.

"It was a tiger!" screeched the little Jays. "Bertie chased him away!" They prattled on and on about their big adventure, but this time Bertie did not mind their chatter.

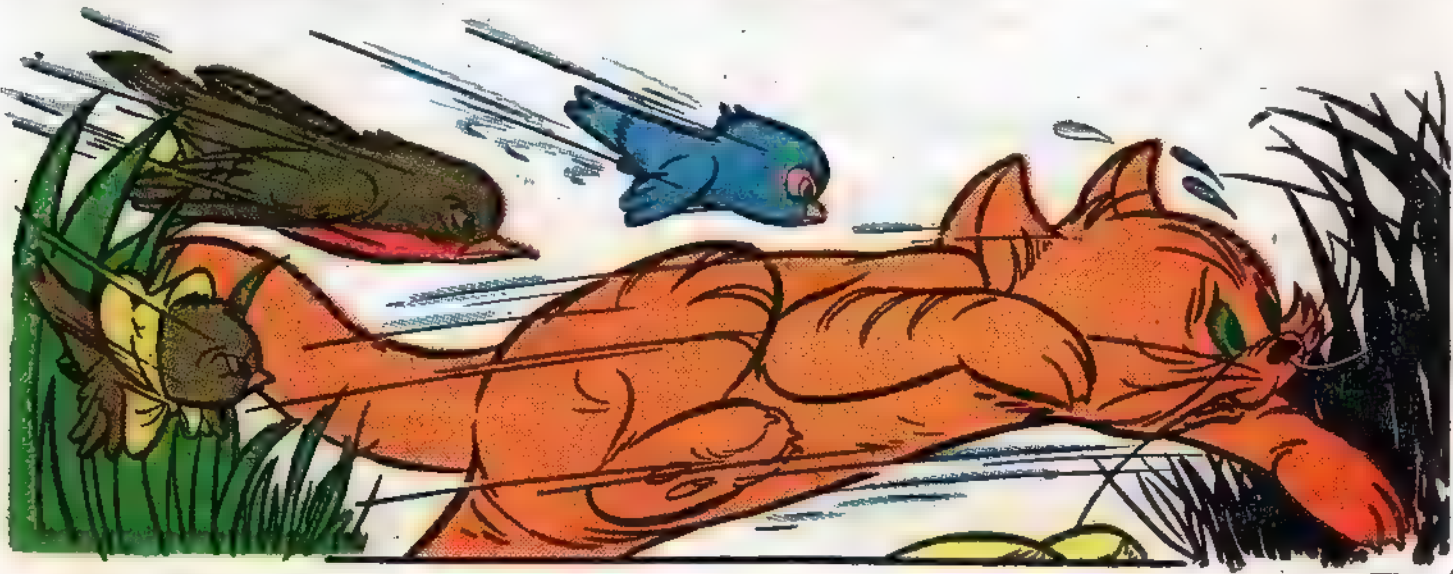
"Bertie, I don't know how to thank you," Mrs. Jay said. Then, to her children, "Tomorrow, first thing, you're going to learn to fly!"

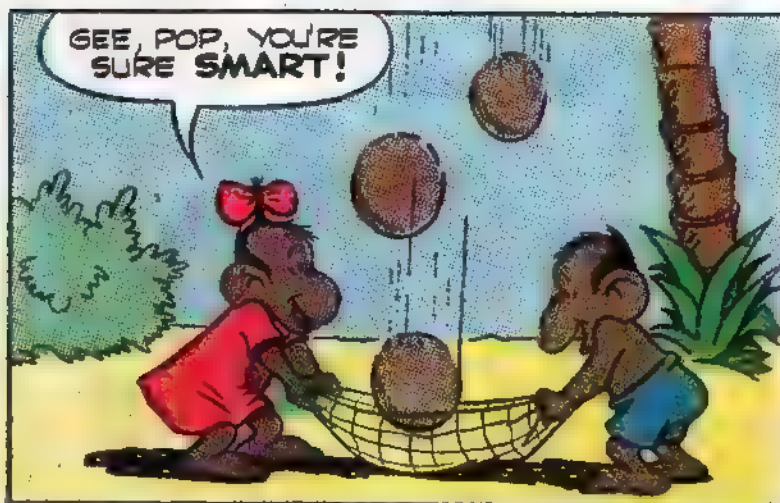
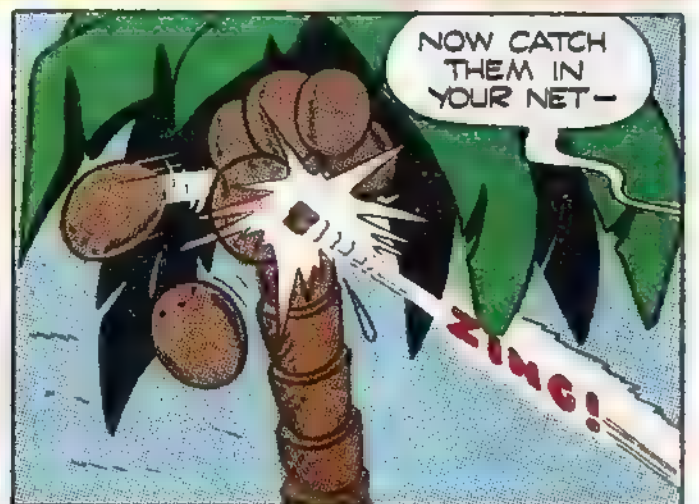
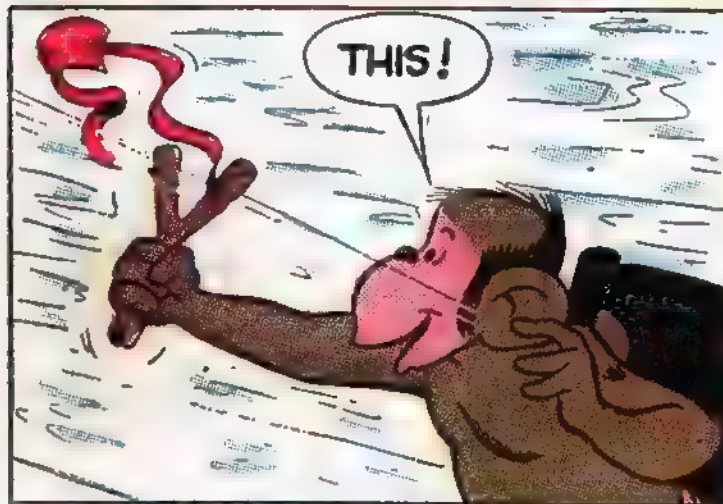
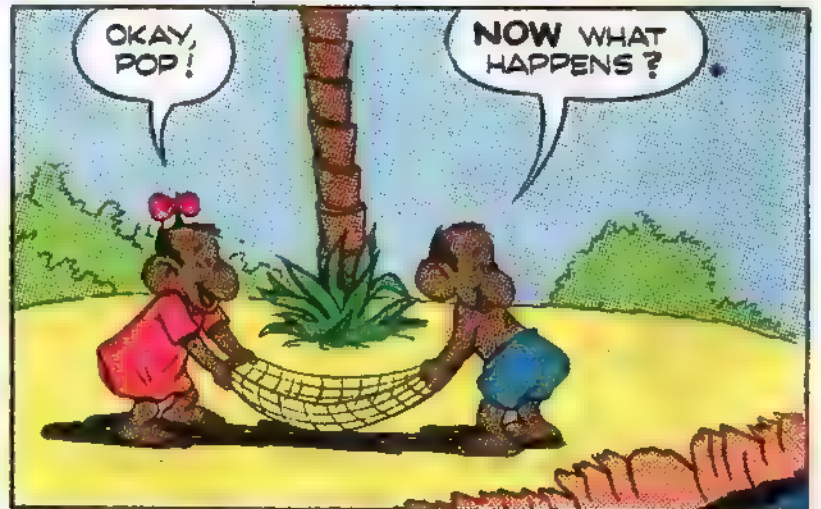
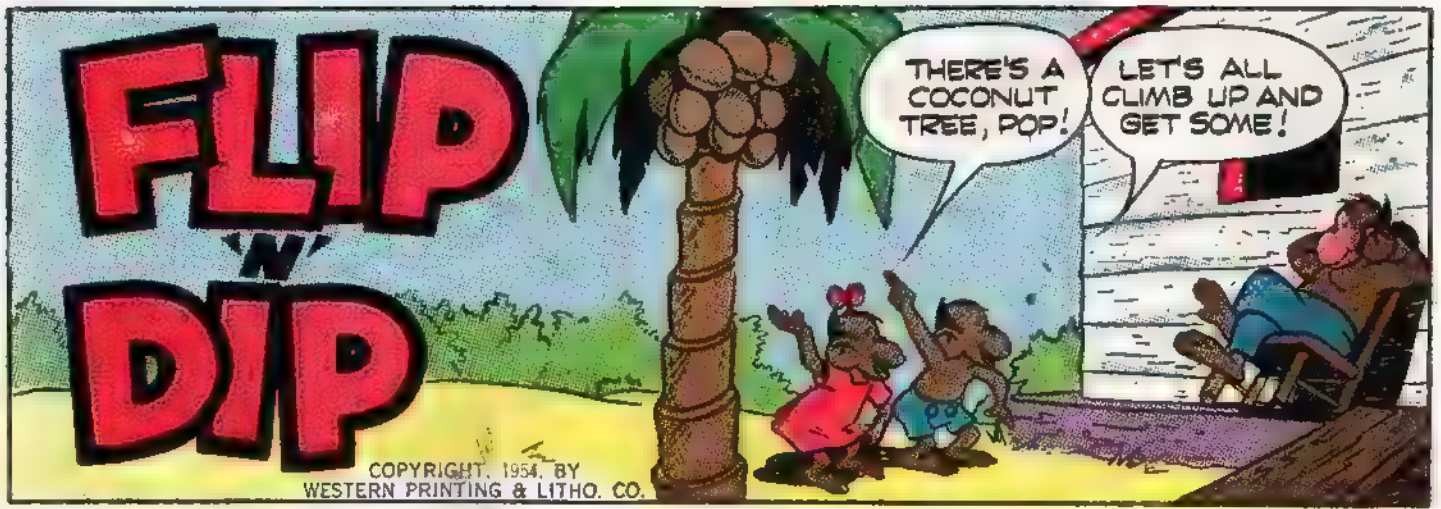
"We want Bertie to teach us!" clamored the little Jays.

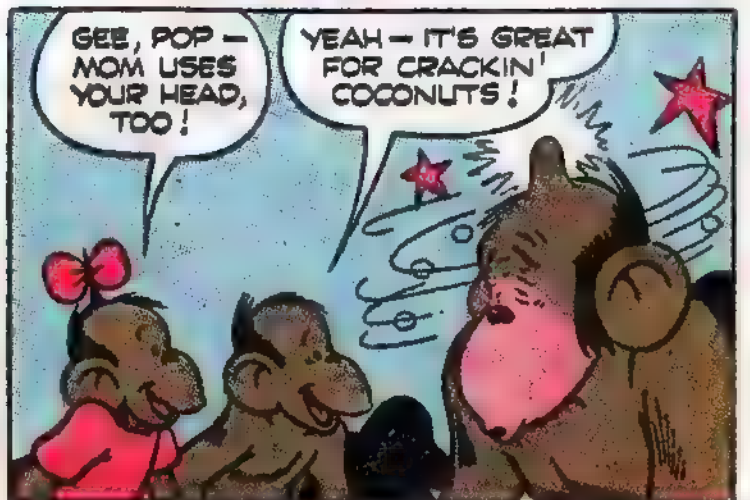
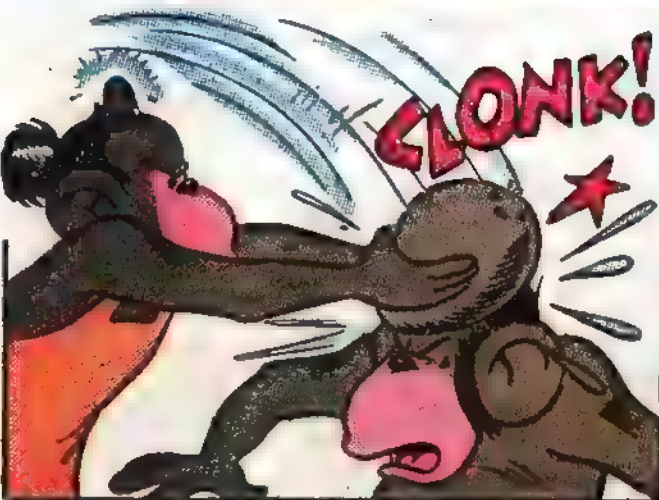
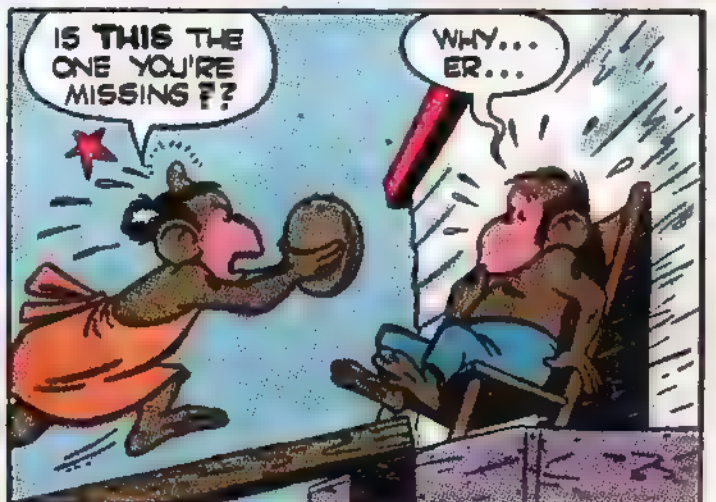
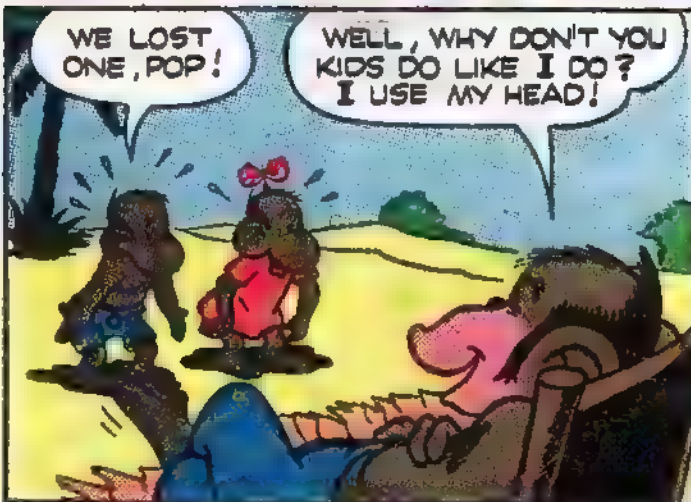
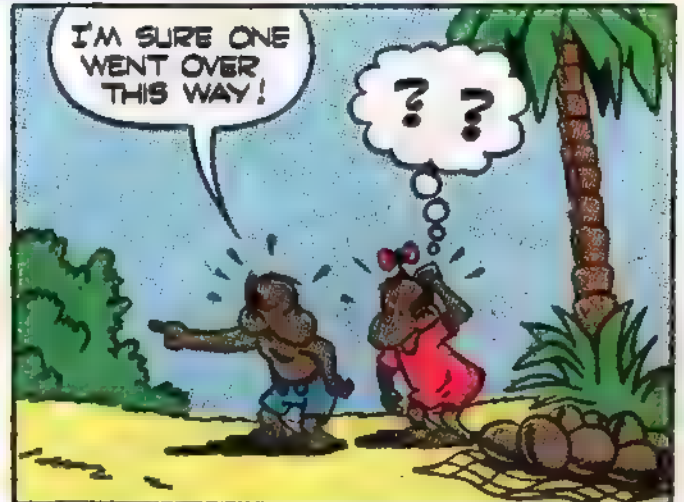
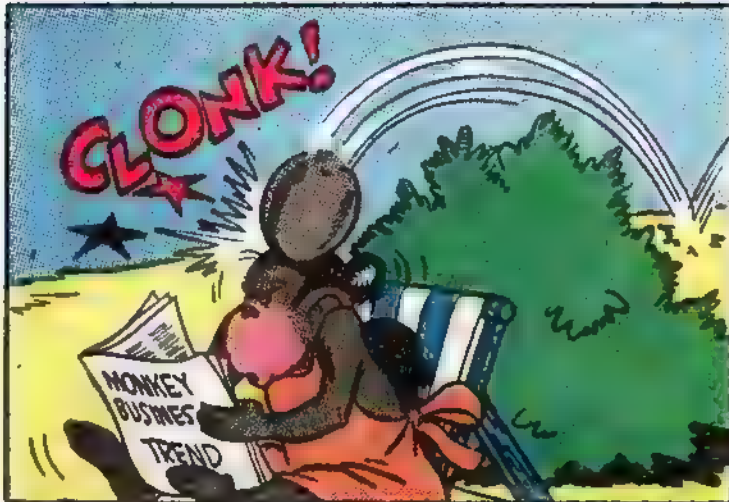
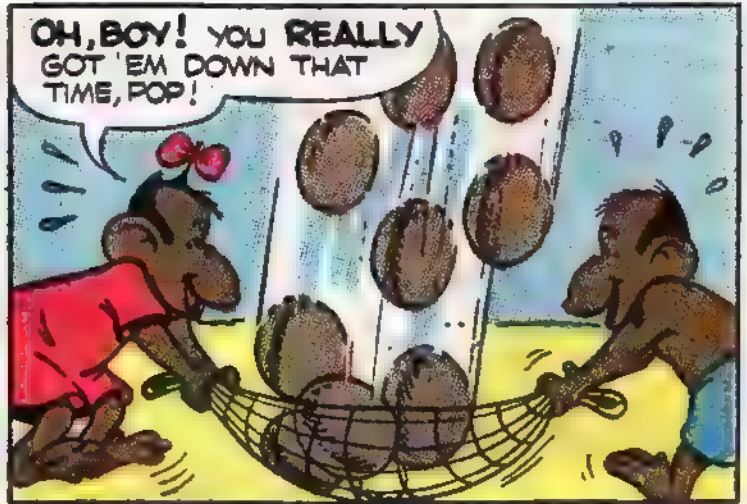
"You couldn't find a better teacher," Susie said. "Why, he went after that Tiger like he was jet-propelled!"

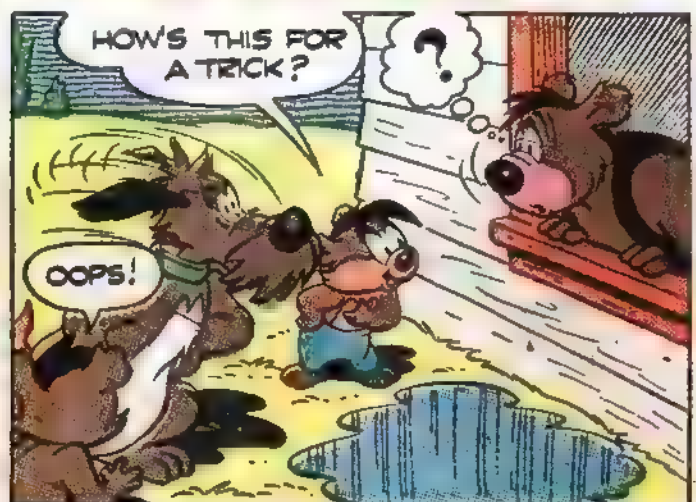
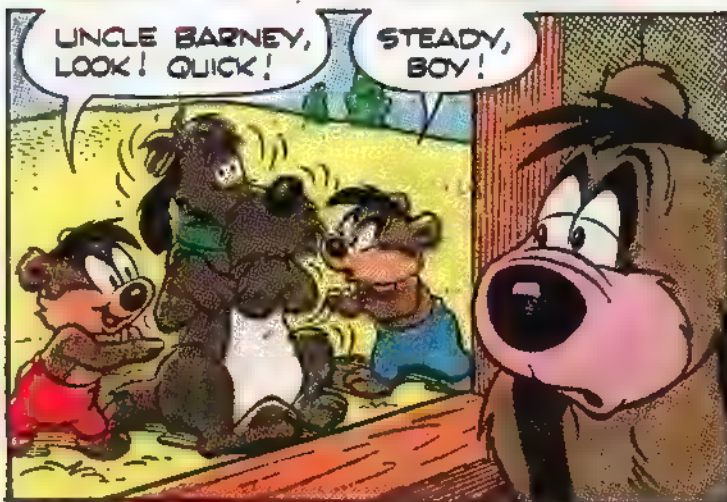
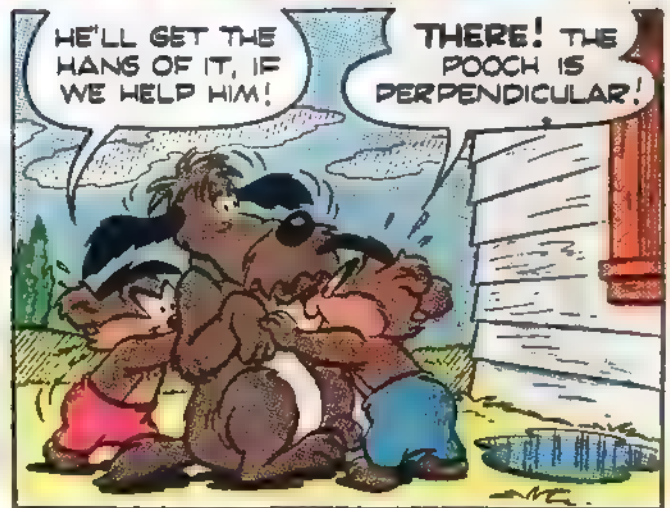
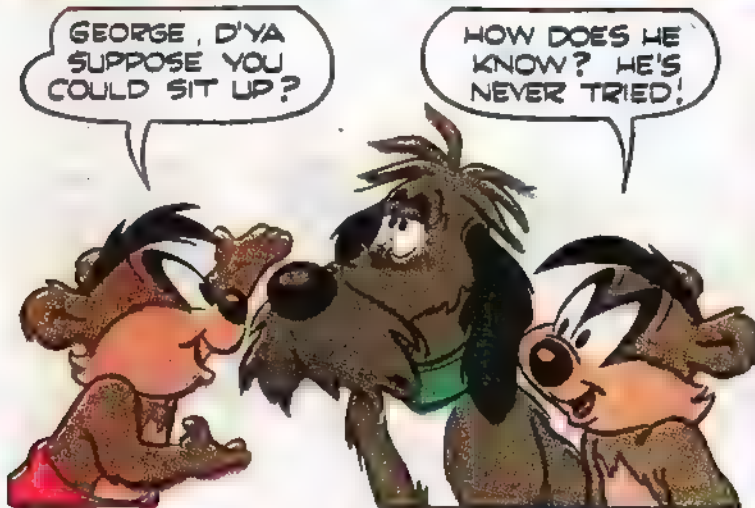
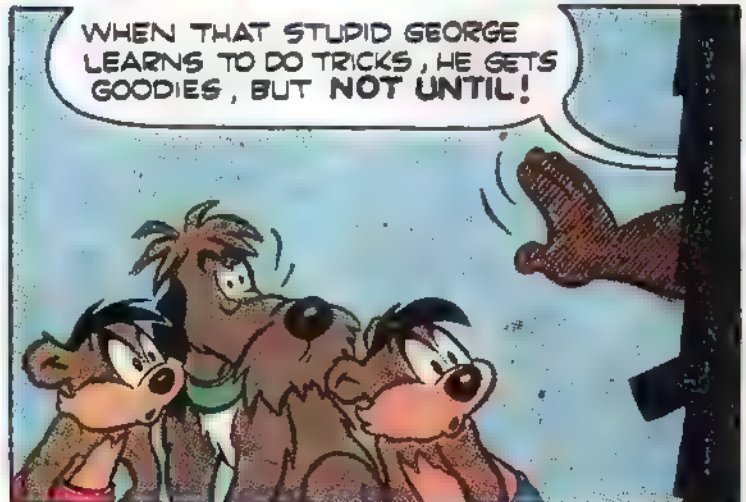
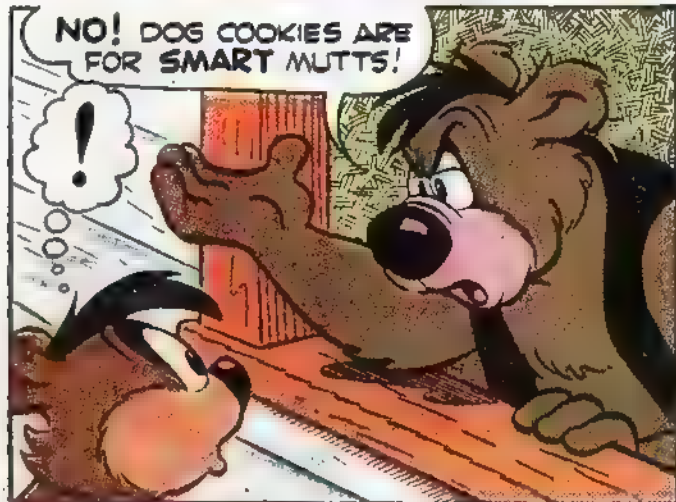
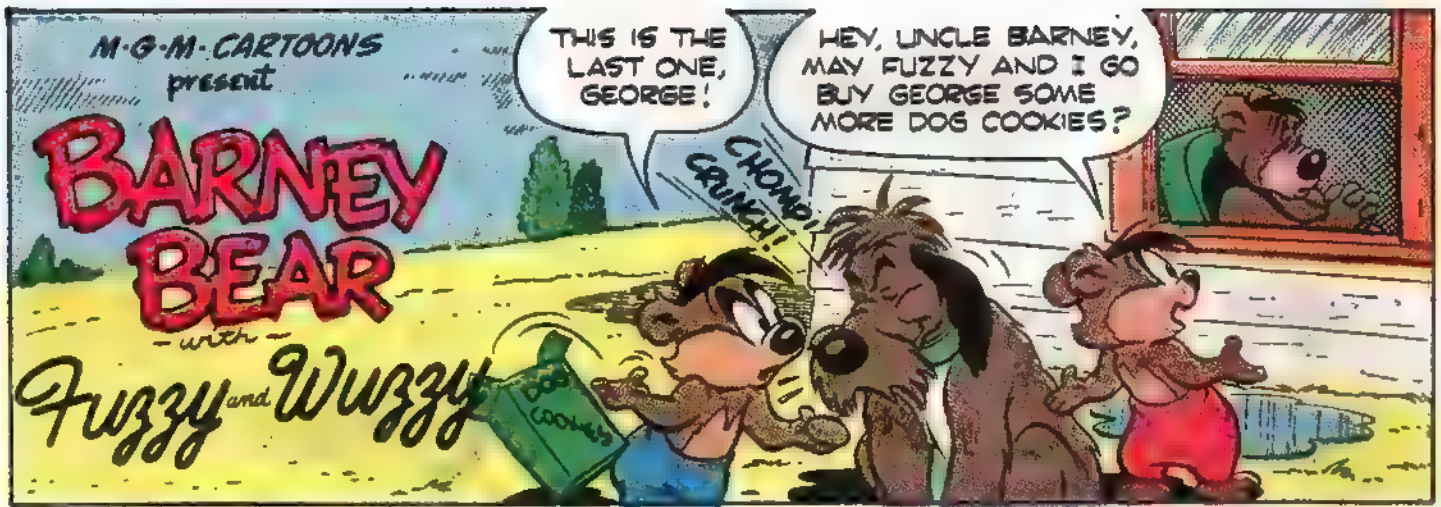
"He's a good boy," Mrs. Bluebird said proudly.

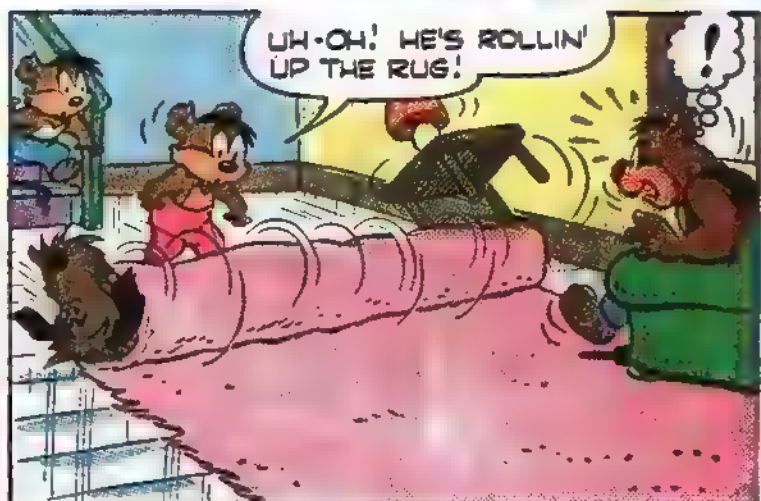
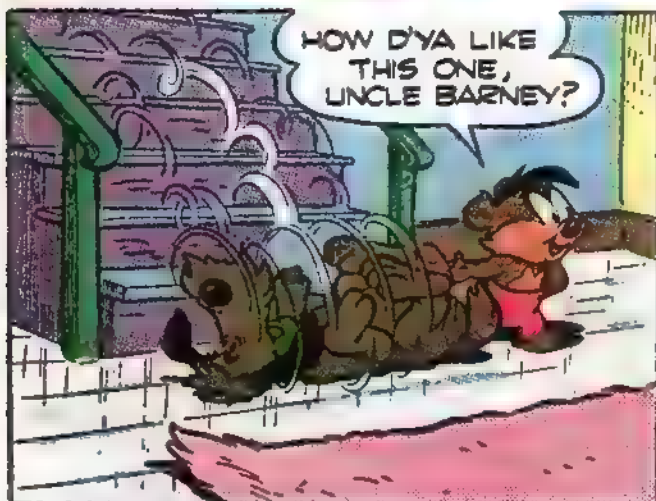
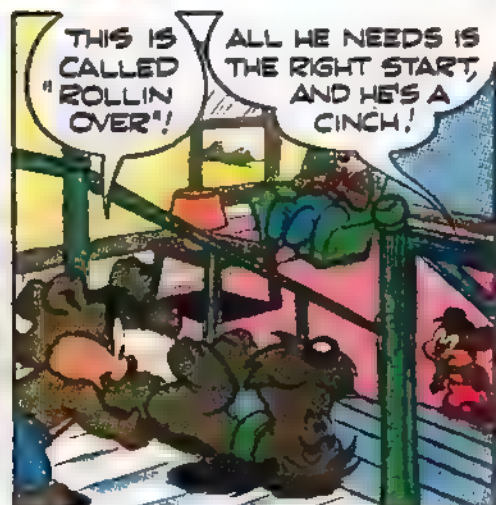
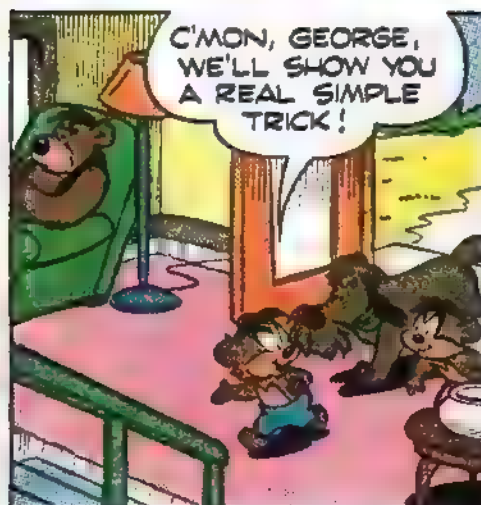
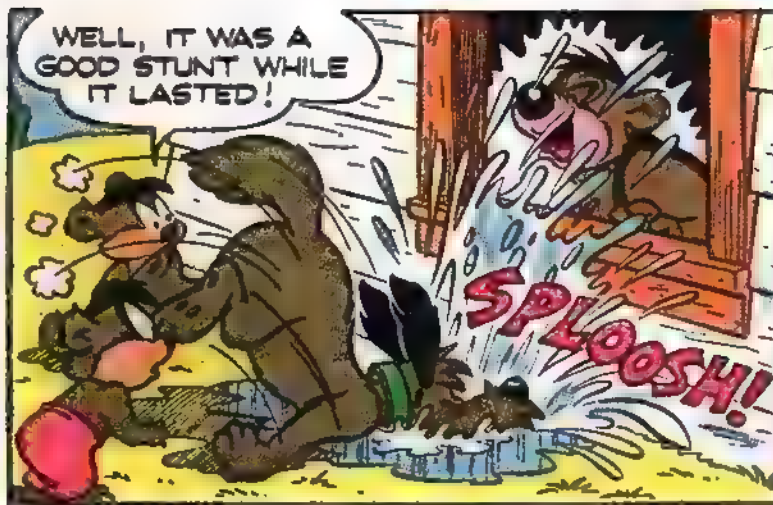
Bertie tried to look modest. "Chee, I didn't do much," he said. "But if you like, Mrs. Jay, I'll be glad to help you teach the kids to fly!"

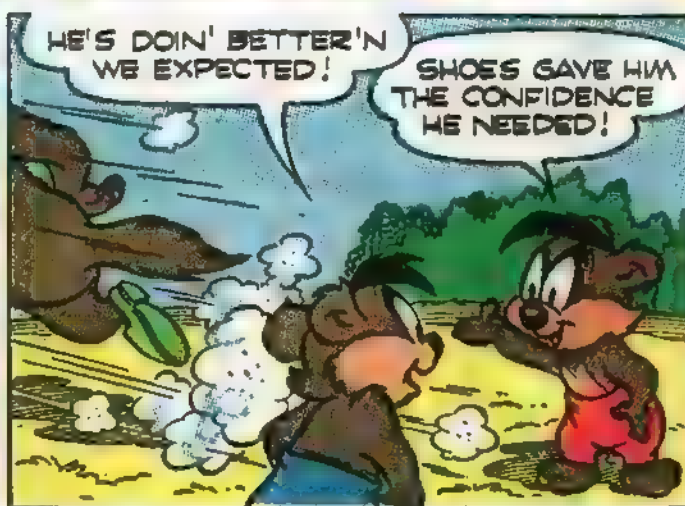
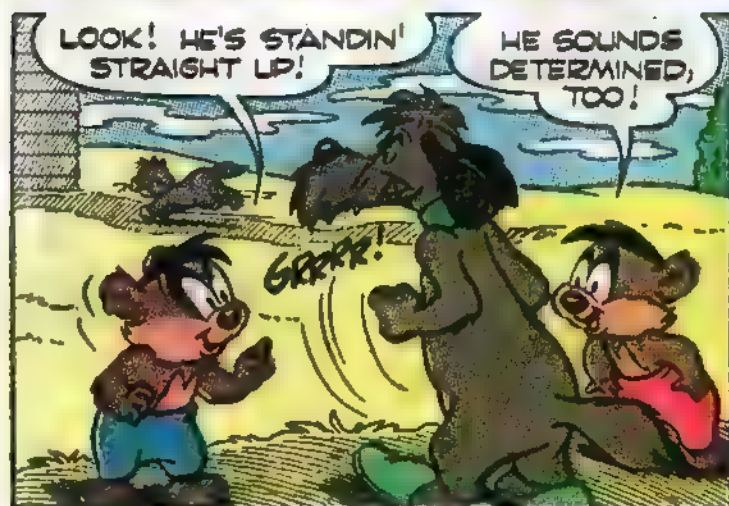
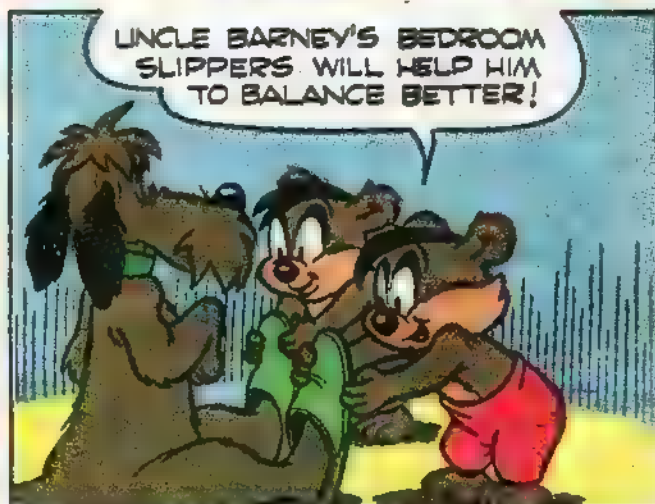
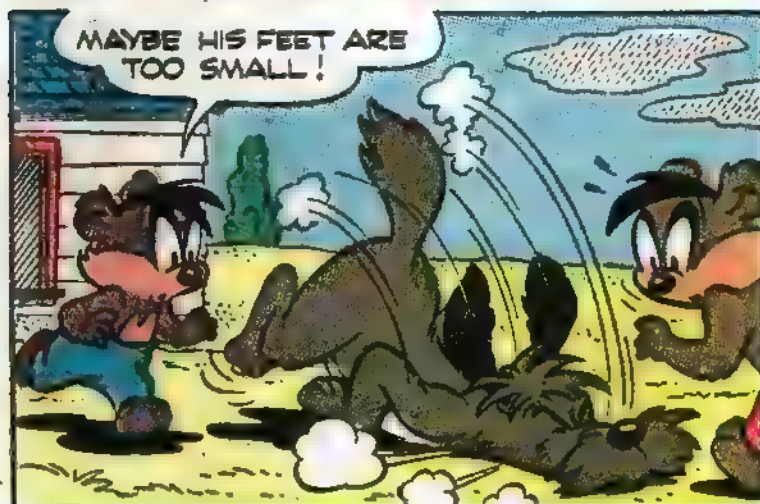
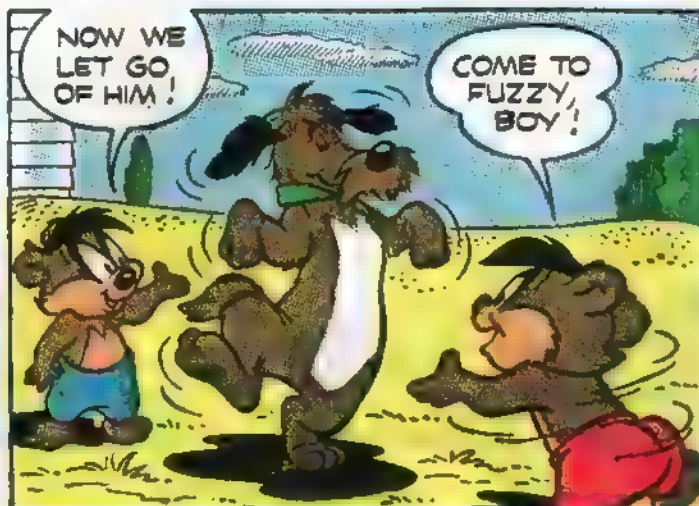
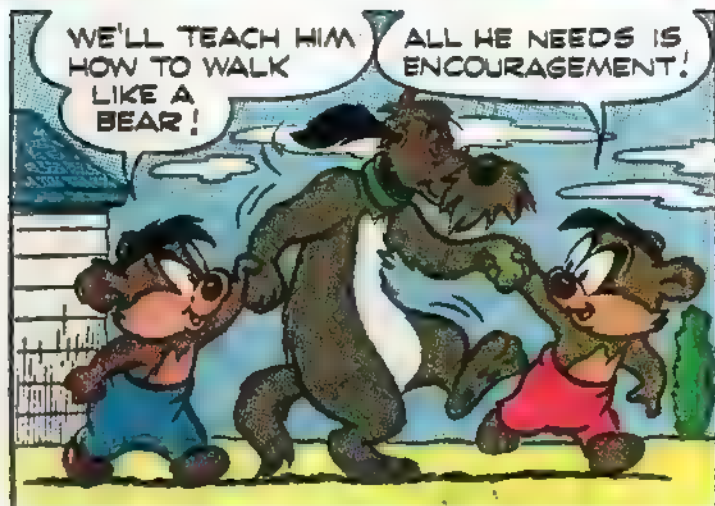
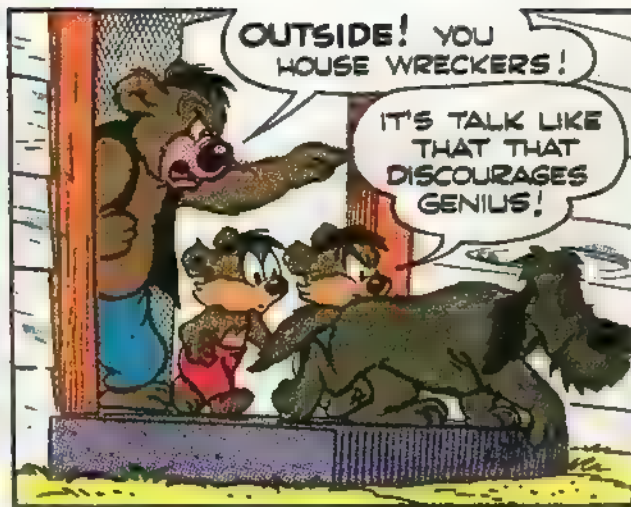
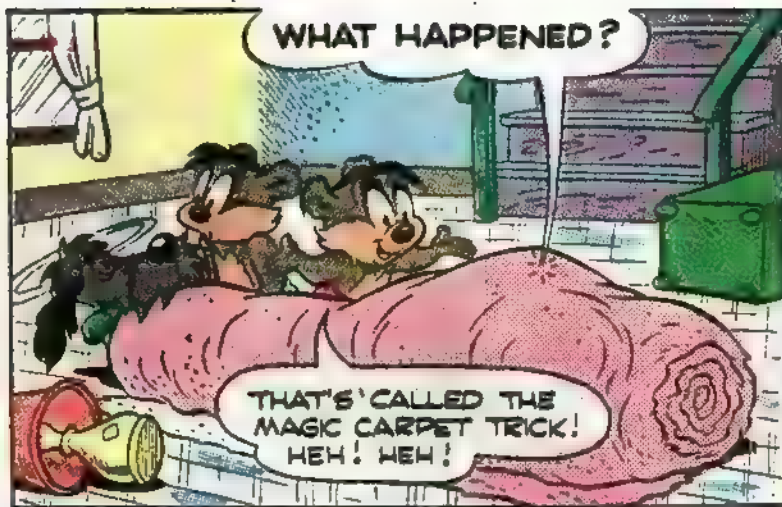


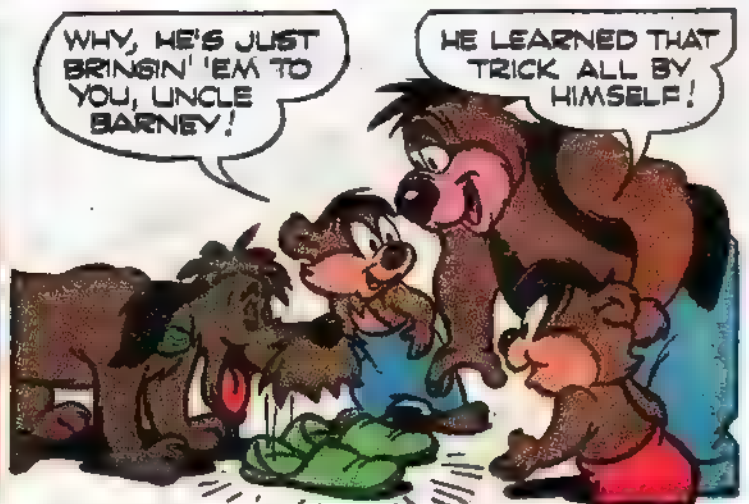
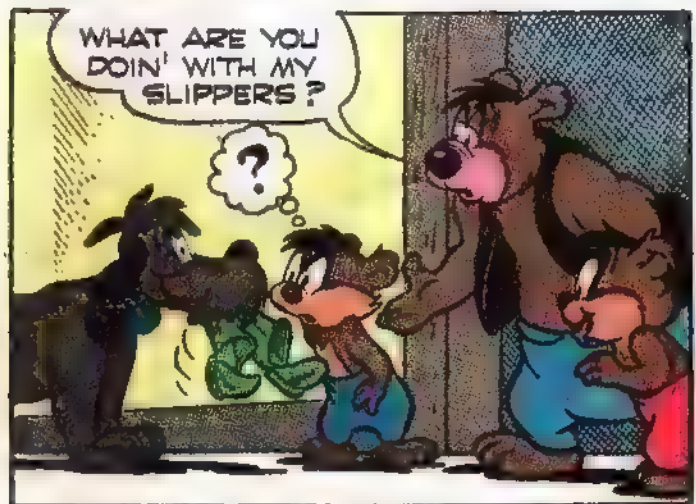
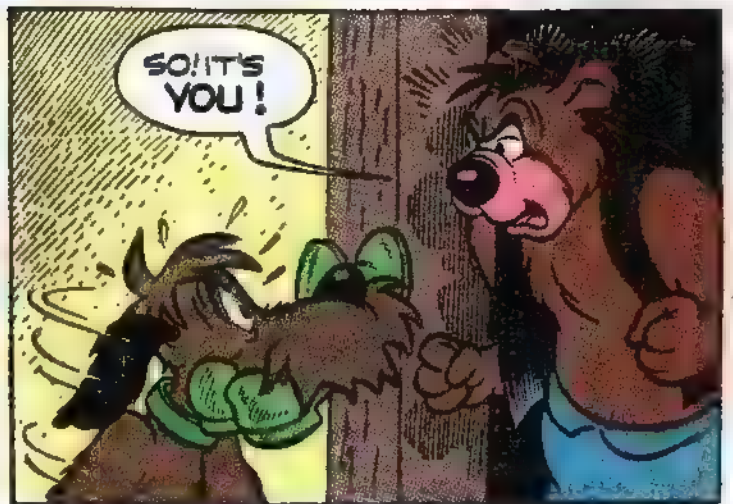
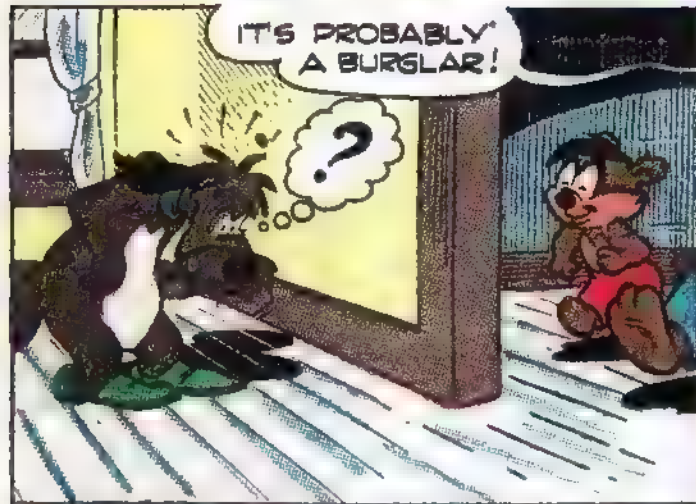
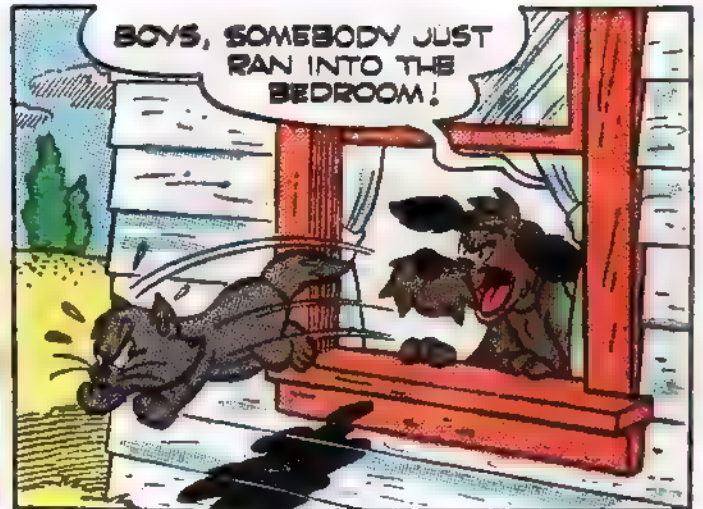
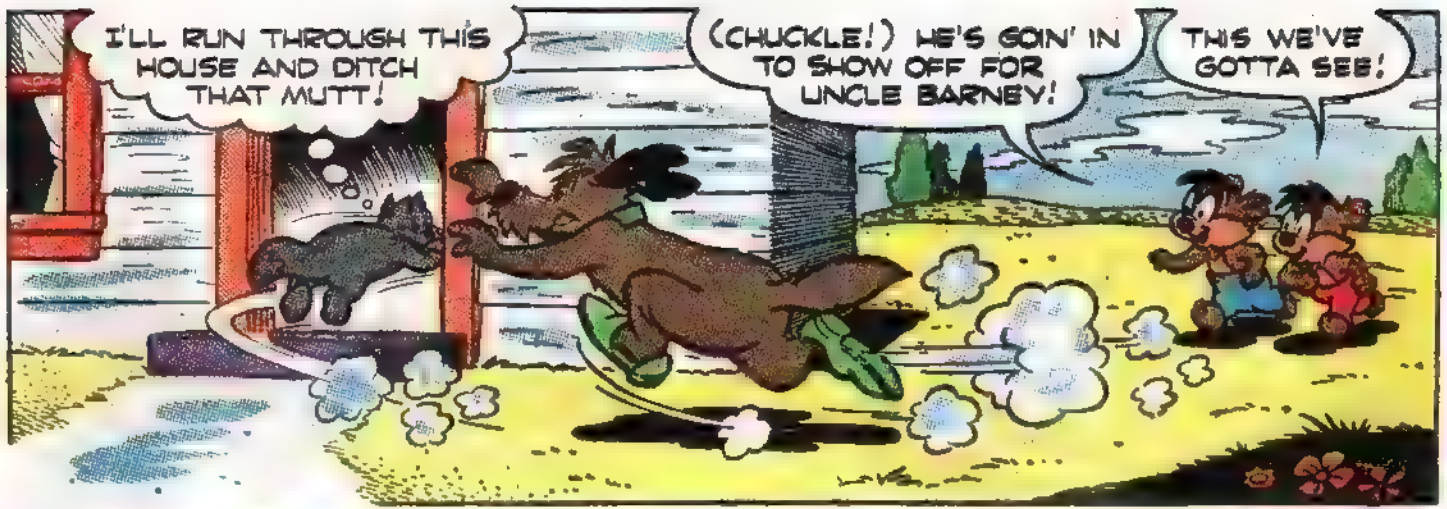


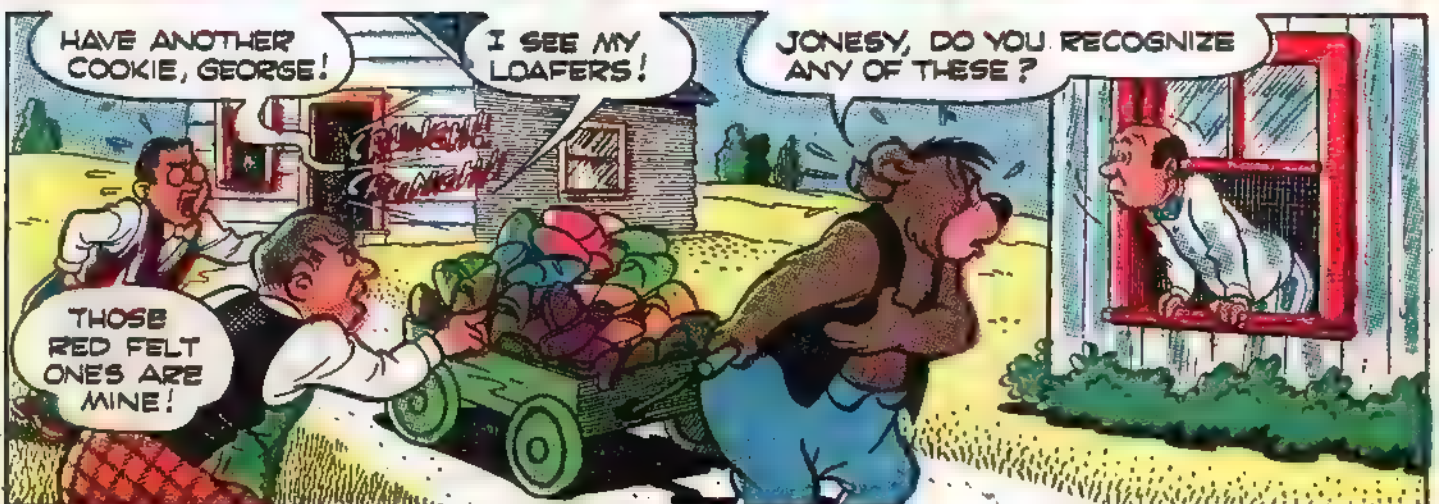
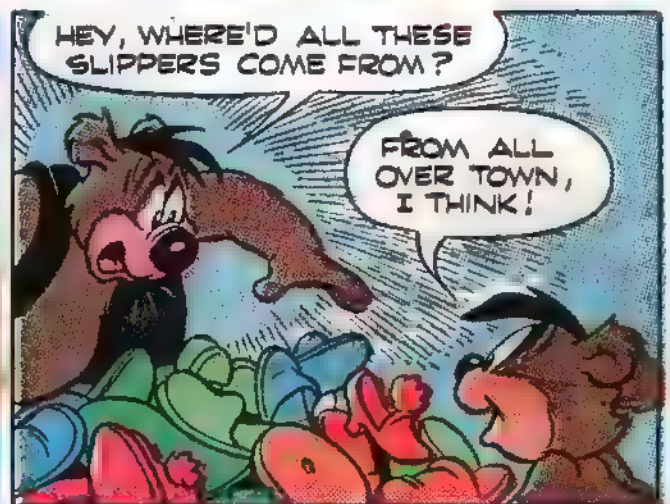
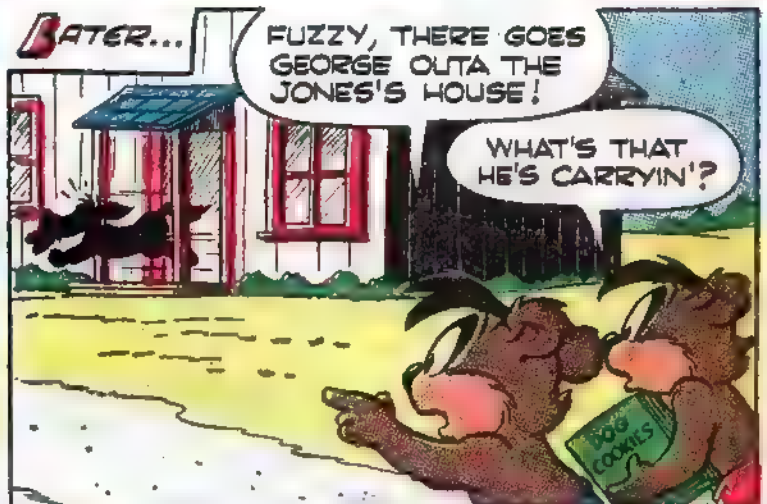
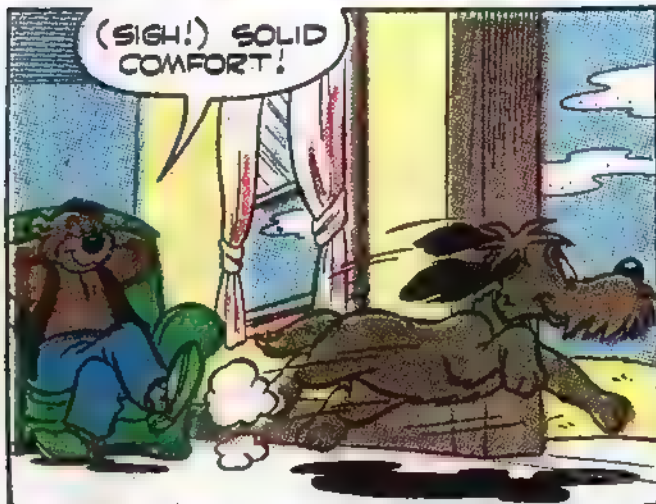


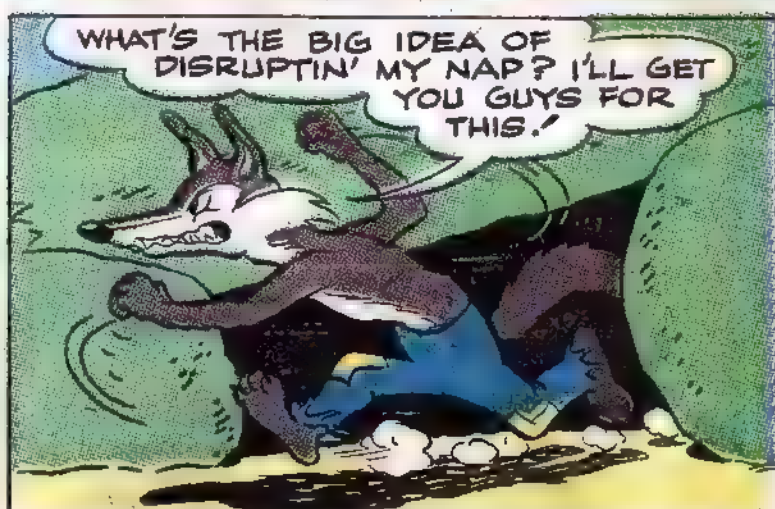
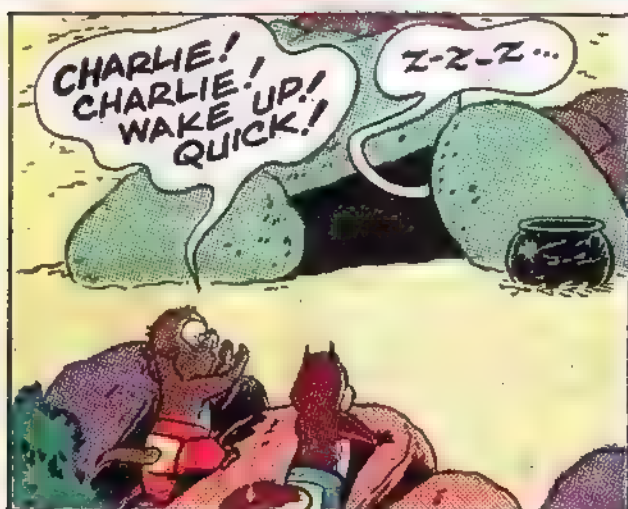
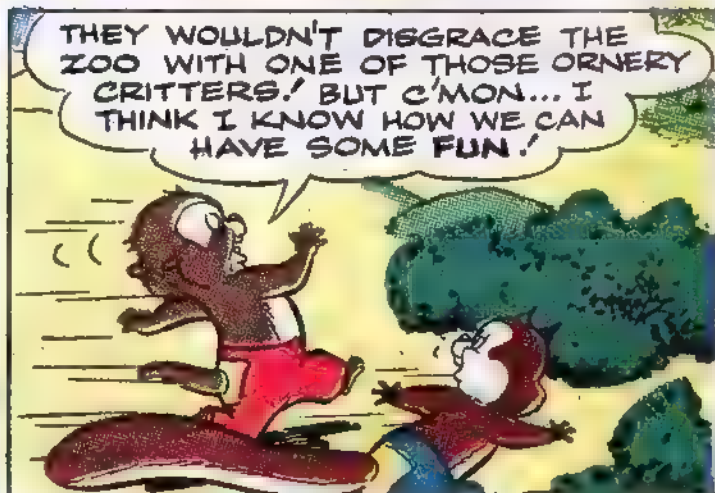
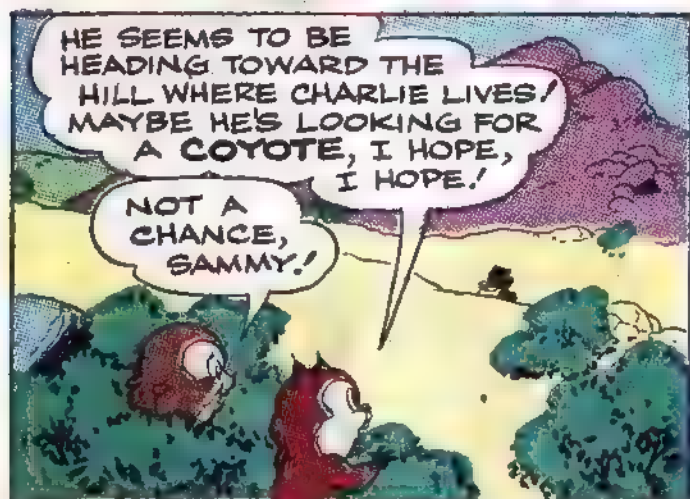
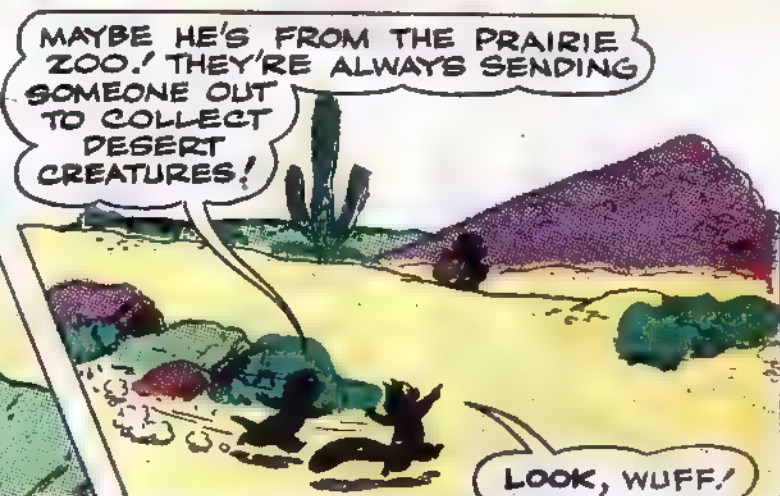
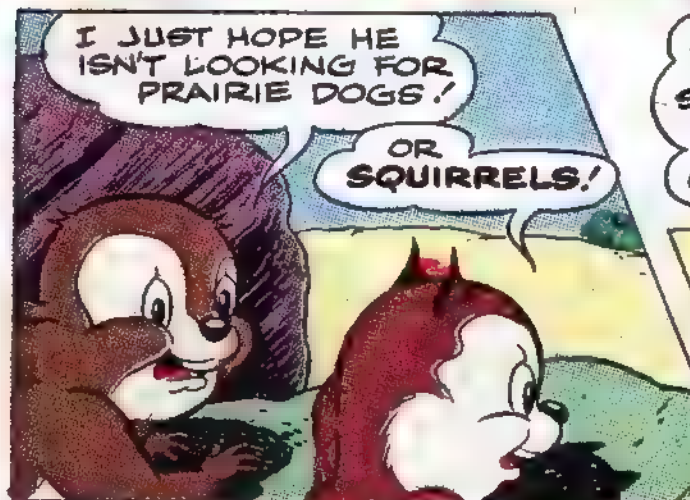
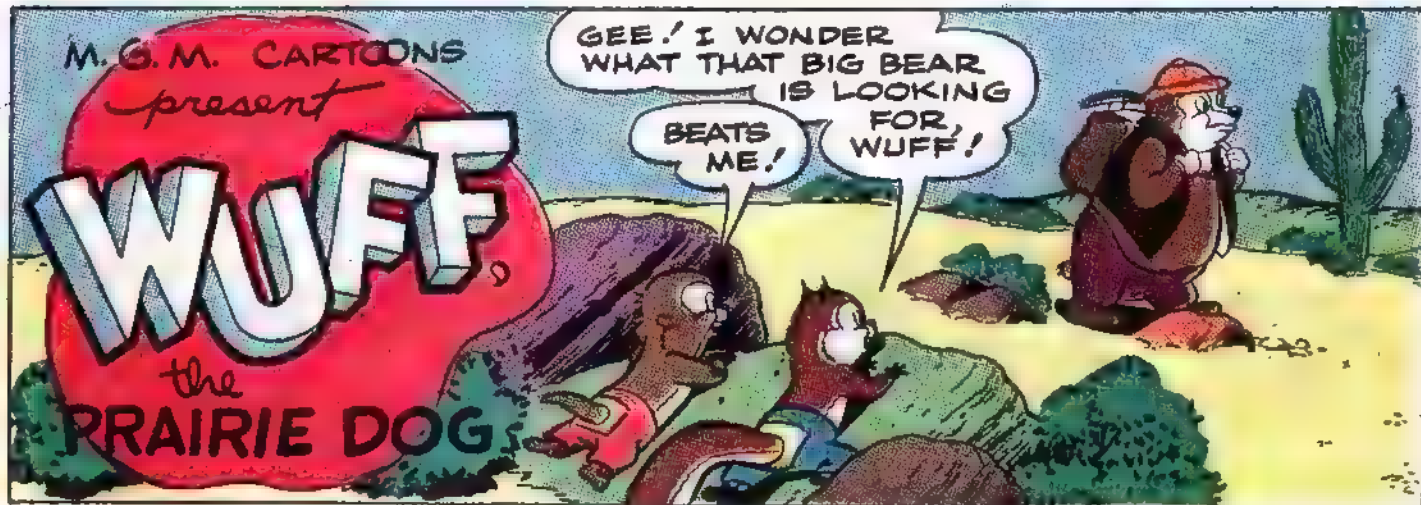


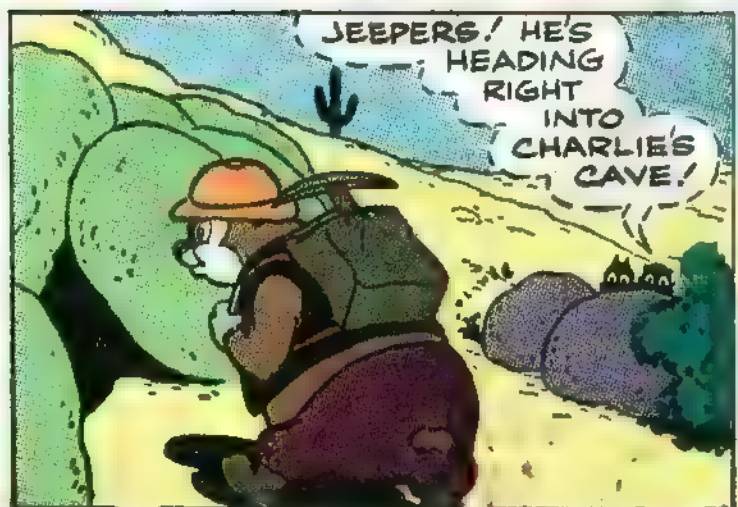
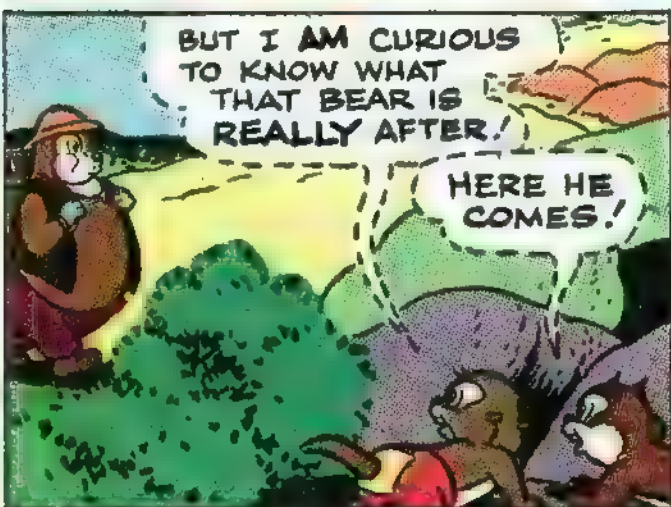
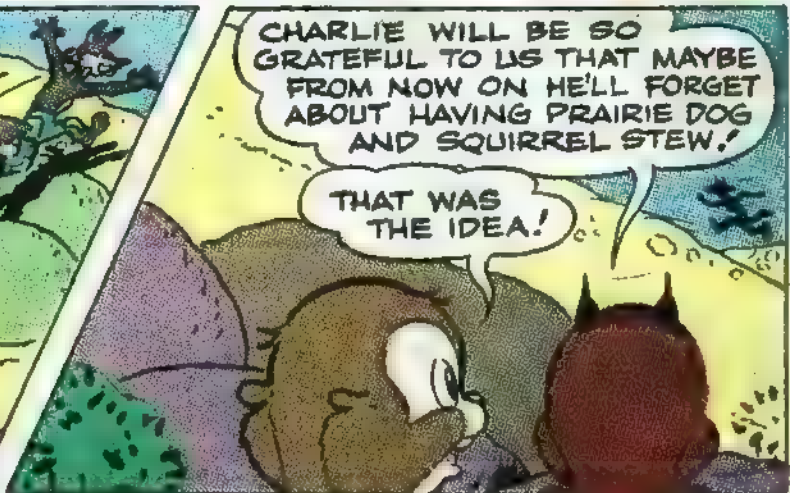
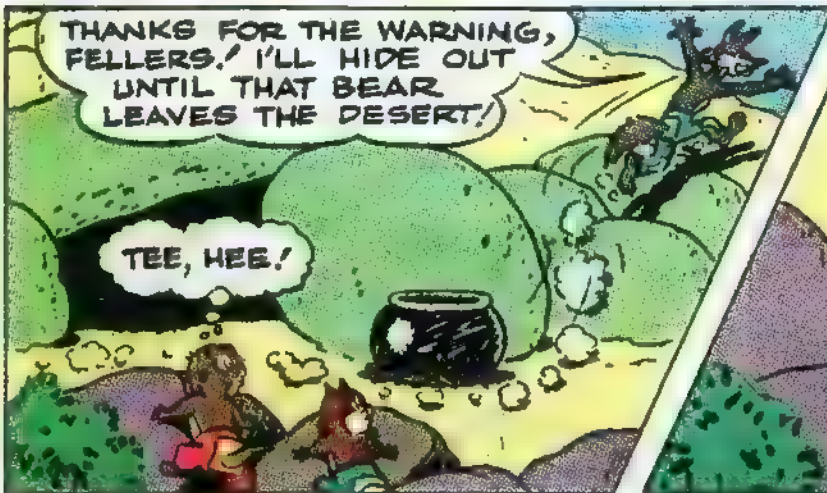


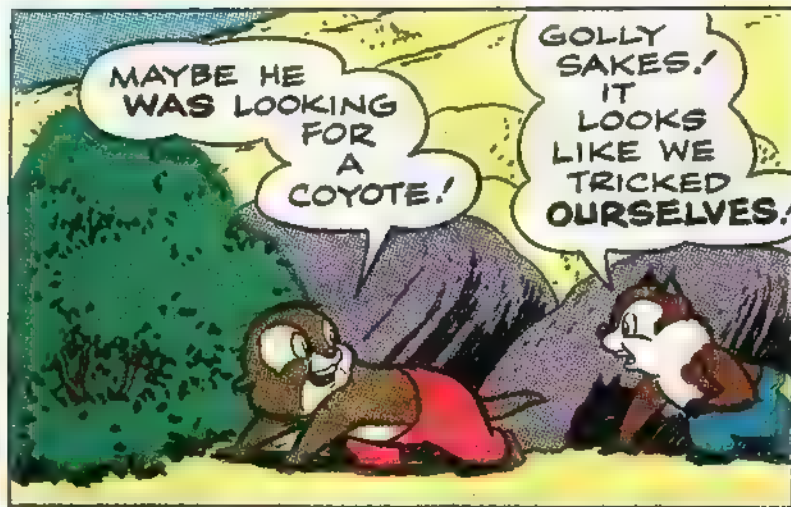










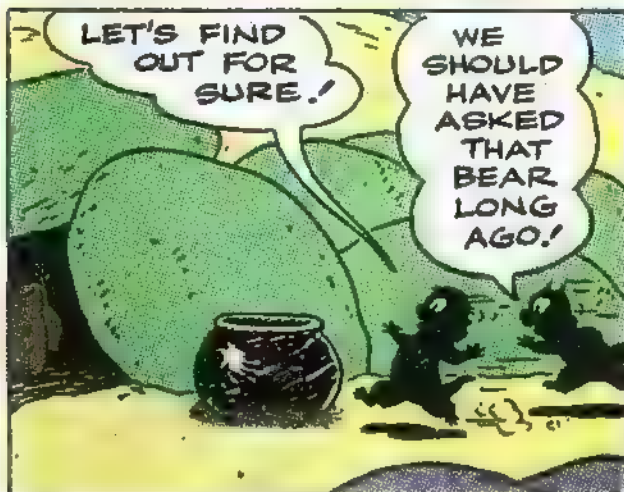


MAYBE HE
WAS LOOKING
FOR
A
COYOTE!

GOLLY
SAKES!
IT
LOOKS
LIKE WE
TRICKED
OURSELVES!



IF WE HADN'T AWAKENED
CHARLIE, THAT BEAR COULD
HAVE CAUGHT HIM... AND WE'D
HAVE SEEN THE LAST
OF THAT PESKY
OL' COYOTE!



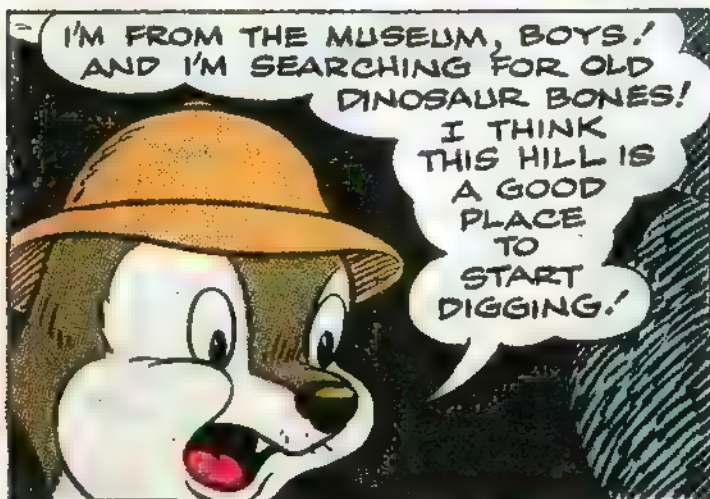
LET'S FIND
OUT FOR
SURE!

WE
SHOULD
HAVE
ASKED
THAT
BEAR
LONG
AGO!



PARDON US, BUT ARE
YOU ANIMAL
COLLECTING
FOR THE
PRAIRIE
ZOO?

HO, HO!
NO!



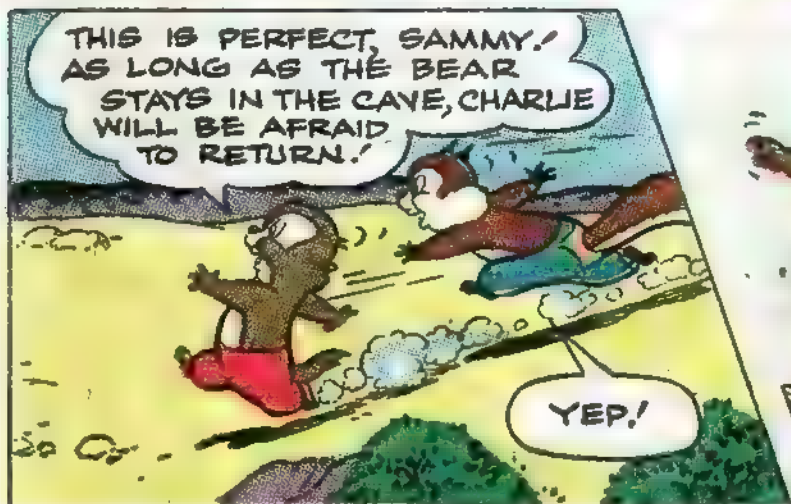
I'M FROM THE MUSEUM, BOYS!
AND I'M SEARCHING FOR OLD
DINOSAUR BONES!

I THINK
THIS HILL IS
A GOOD
PLACE
TO
START
DIGGING!



THIS DESERTED CAVE WILL
MAKE A PERFECT PLACE TO
CAMP WHEN I'M
NOT WORKING!

GOOD
LUCK,
MISTER
BEAR!



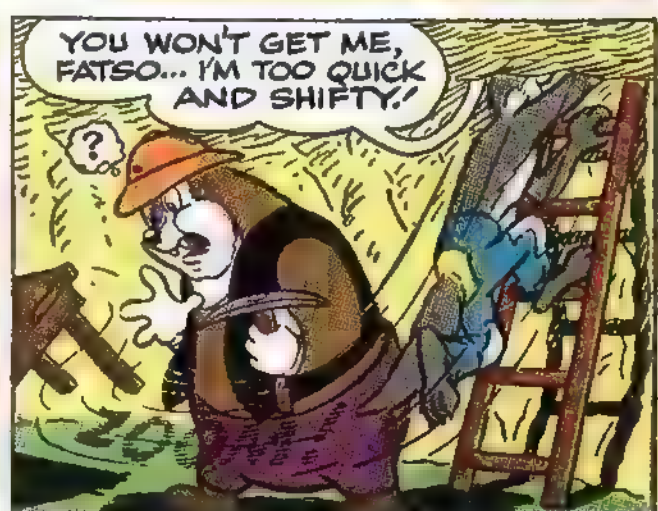
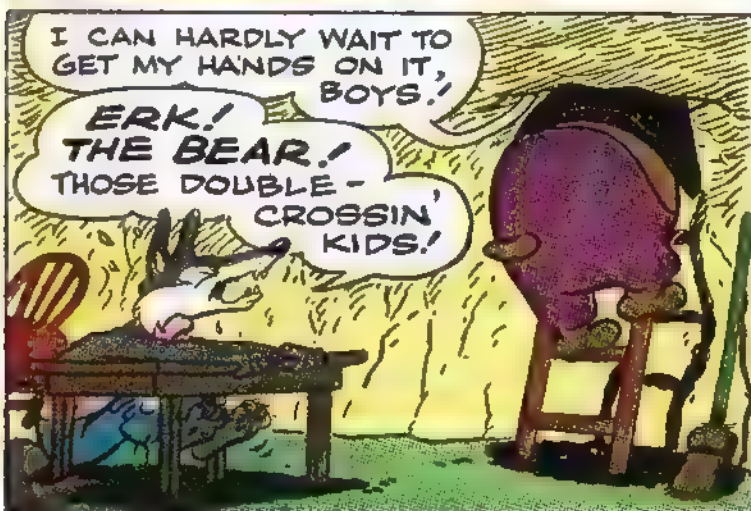
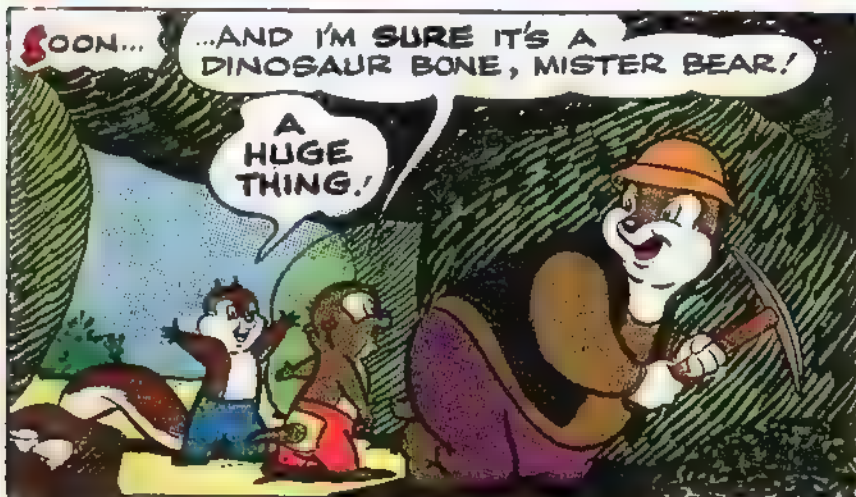
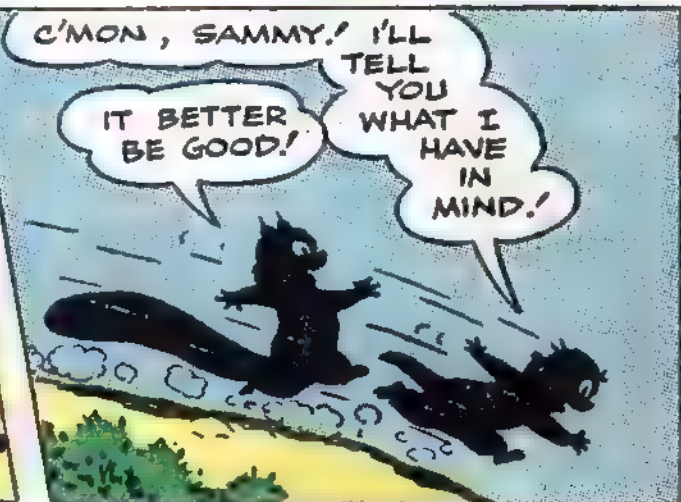
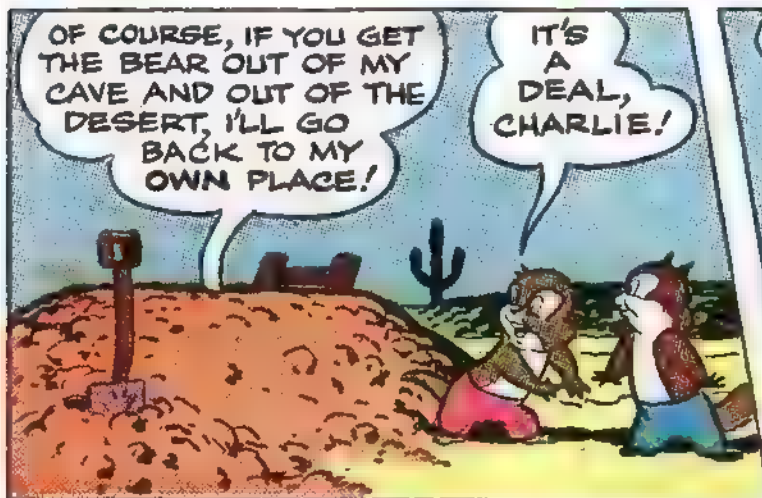
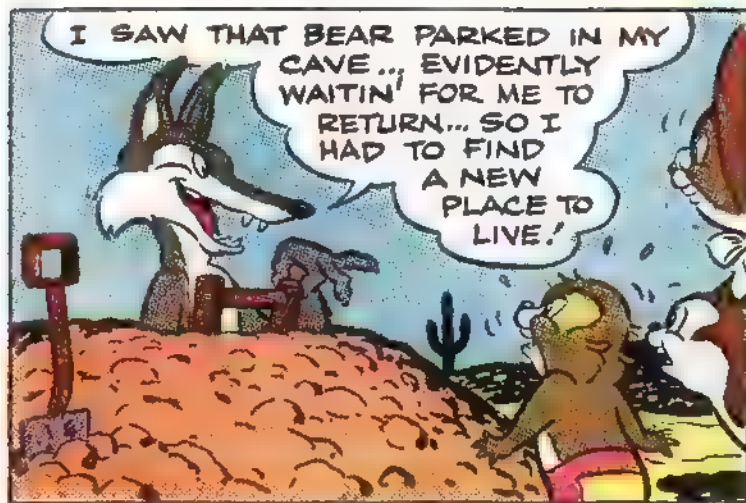
THIS IS PERFECT, SAMMY!
AS LONG AS THE BEAR
STAYS IN THE CAVE, CHARLIE
WILL BE AFRAID
TO RETURN!

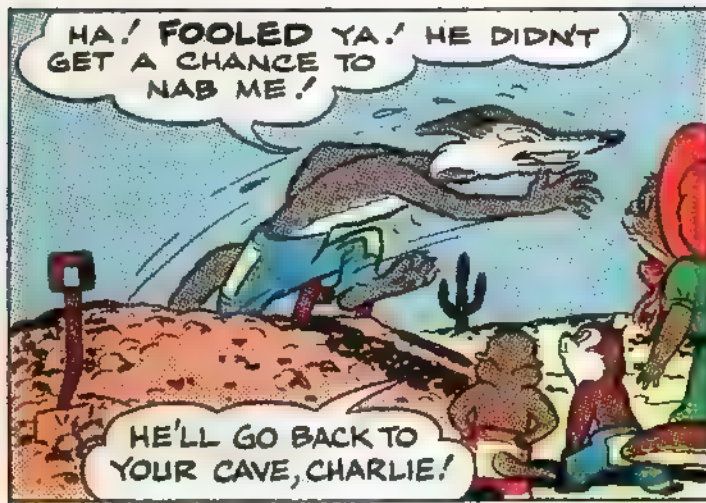
YEP!



WUFF! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED!
LOOK!

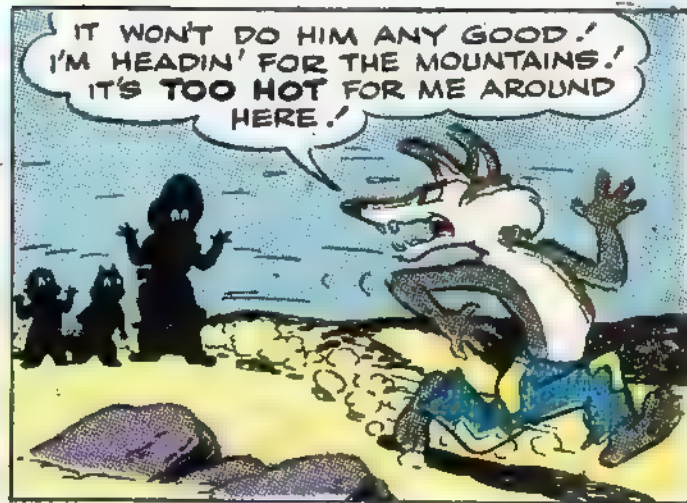
OMIGOSH!





HA! FOOLED YA! HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO NAB ME!

HE'LL GO BACK TO YOUR CAVE, CHARLIE!



IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD! I'M HEADIN' FOR THE MOUNTAINS! IT'S TOO HOT FOR ME AROUND HERE!



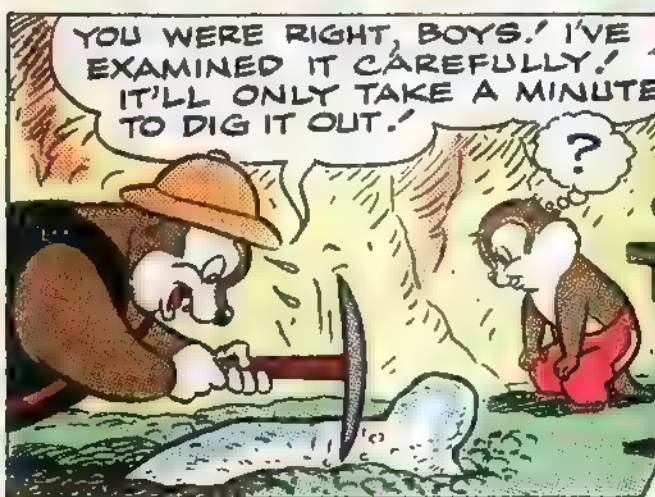
THAT WASN'T VERY NICE OF US TO FIB TO THE BEAR, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET CHARLIE OUT!

WE'D BETTER GO TELL THE BEAR THE TRUTH NOW!



MISTER BEAR, WE HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE...

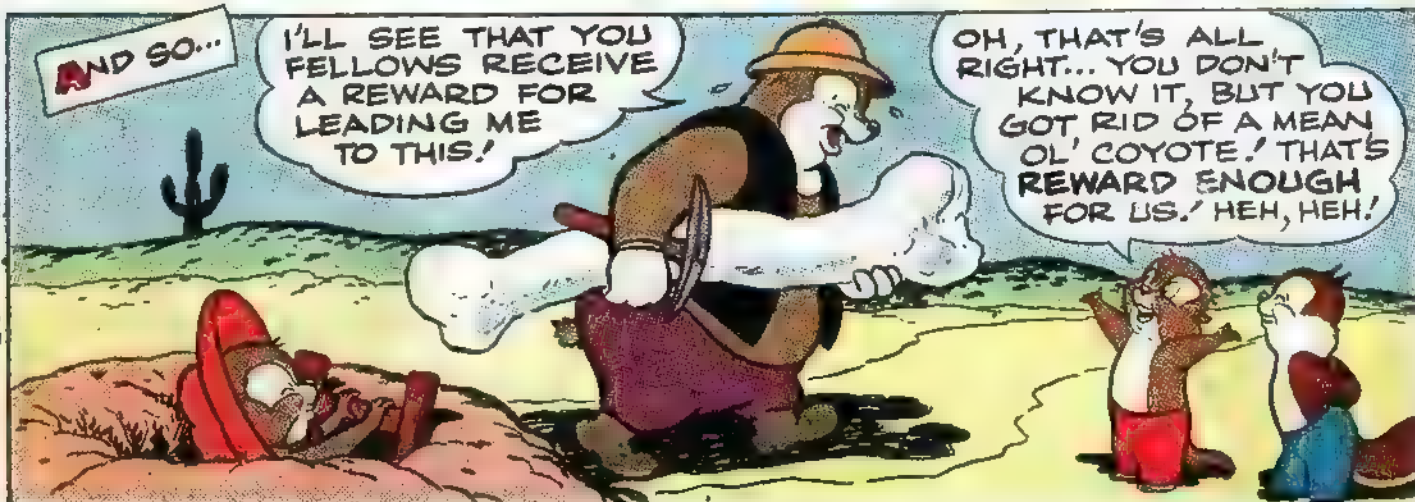
YAHOO!



YOU WERE RIGHT, BOYS! I'VE EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY! IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE TO DIG IT OUT!



I GUESS WE WERE TELLING THE TRUTH AND DIDN'T KNOW IT. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THING WAS A PIECE OF STONE!



AND SO...

I'LL SEE THAT YOU FELLOWS RECEIVE A REWARD FOR LEADING ME TO THIS!

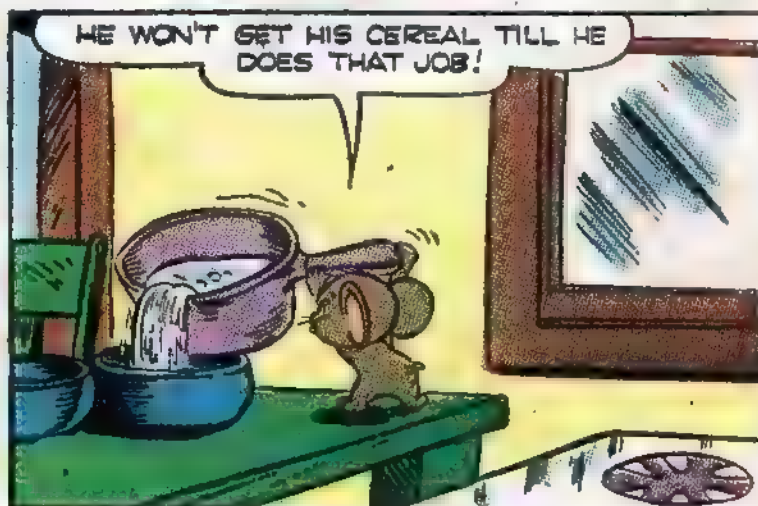
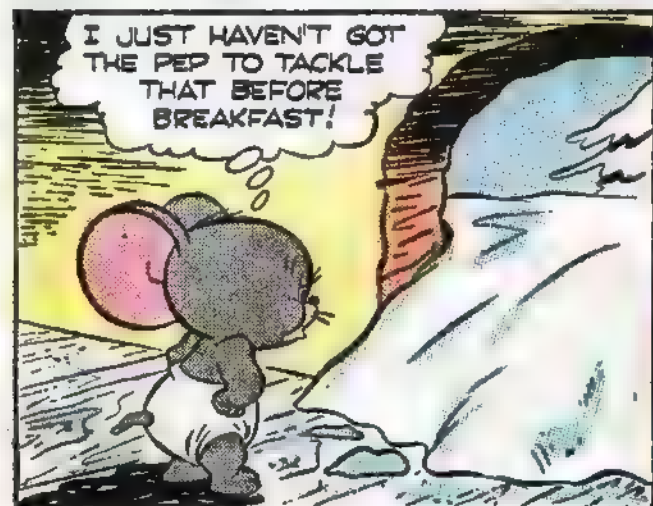
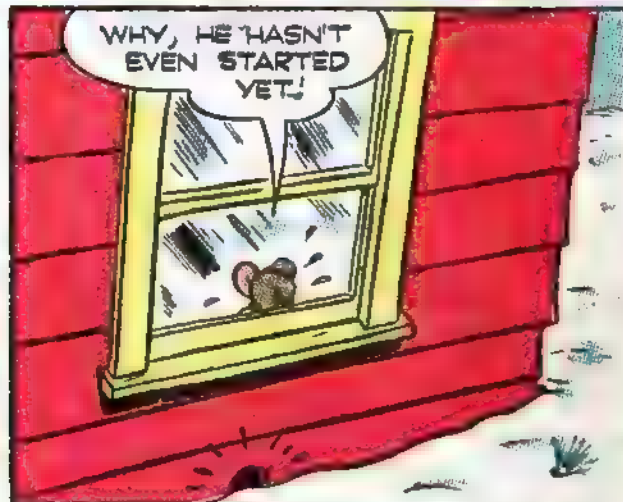
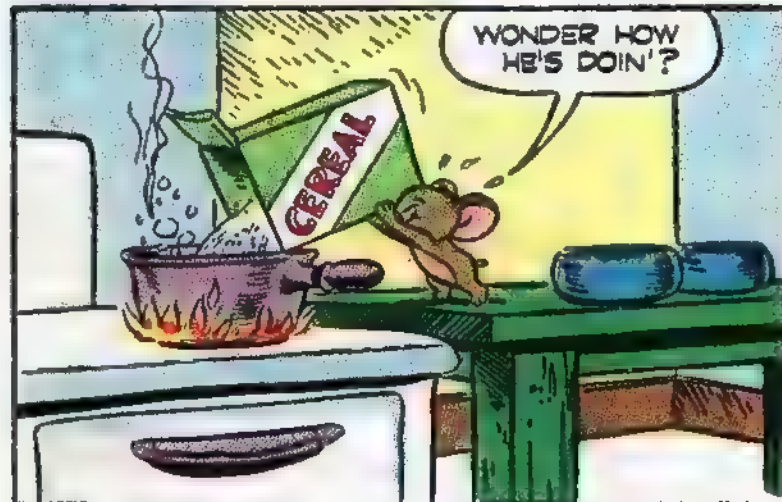
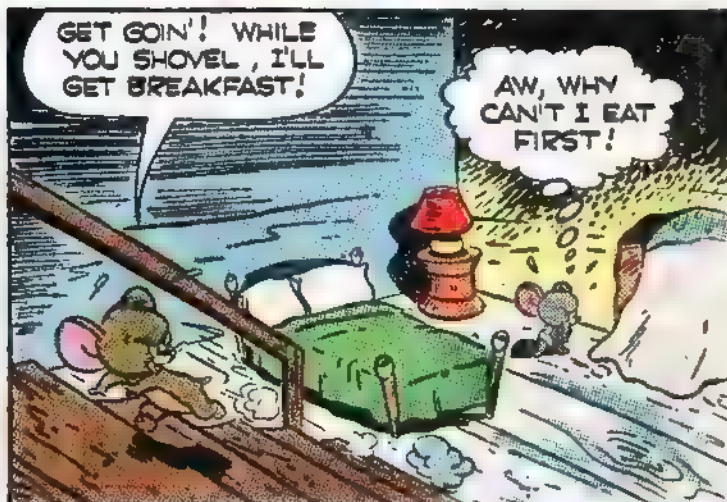
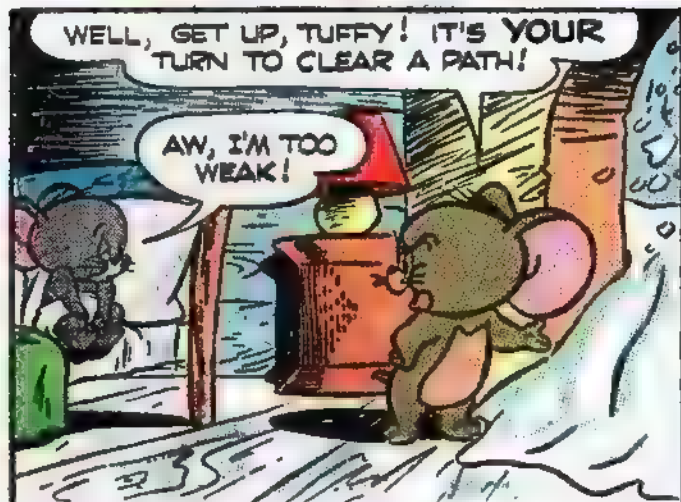
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT... YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU GOT RID OF A MEAN OL' COYOTE! THAT'S REWARD ENOUGH FOR US! HEH, HEH!

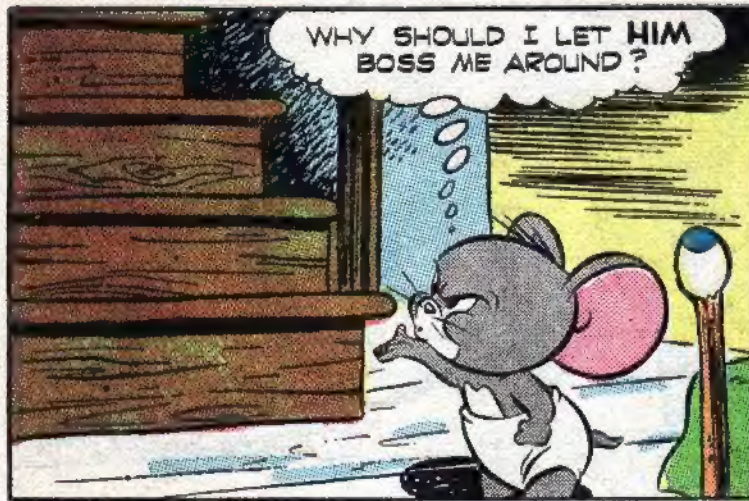
M-G-M CARTOONS

present

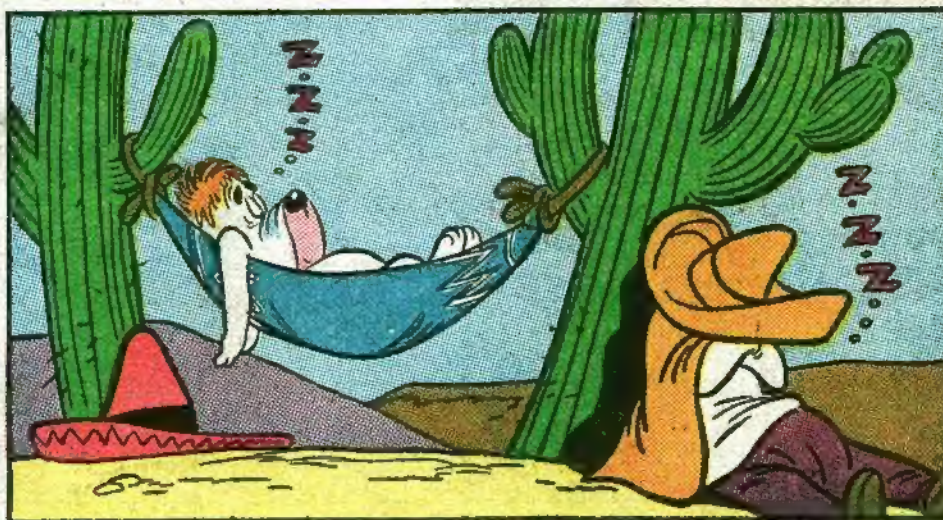
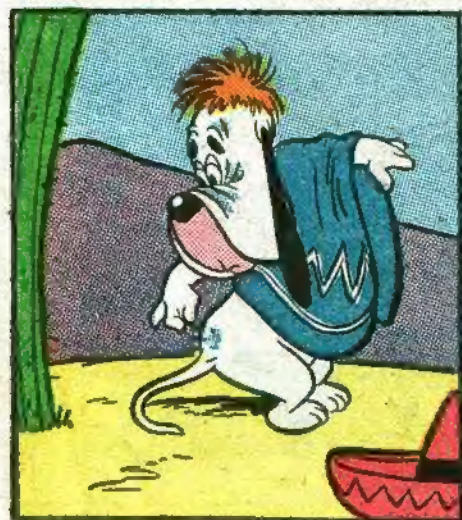
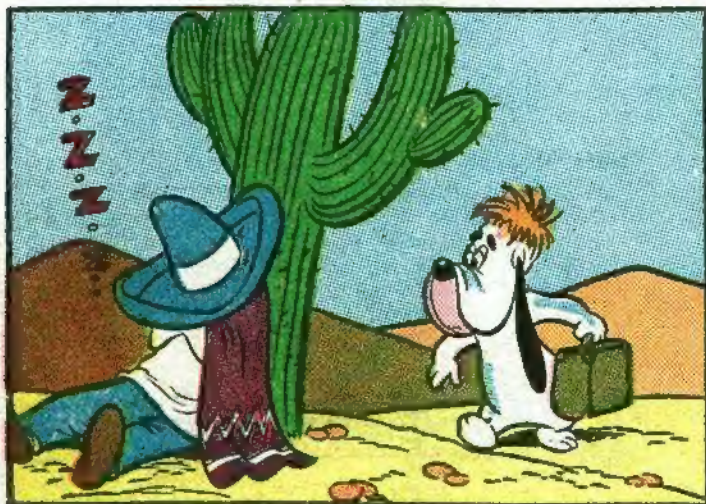
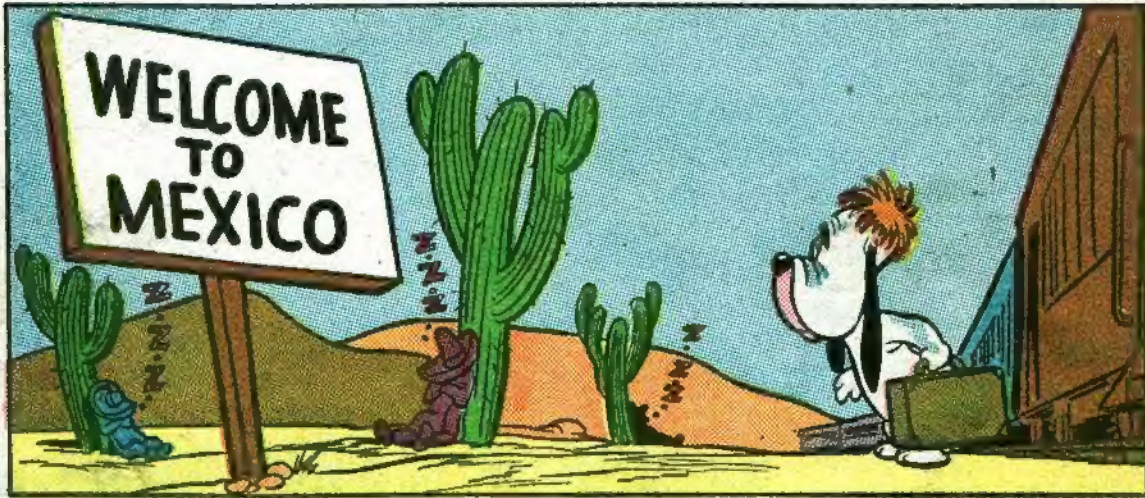
Jerry and Tuffy

UH-OH! 'SNOWIN'
AGAIN!



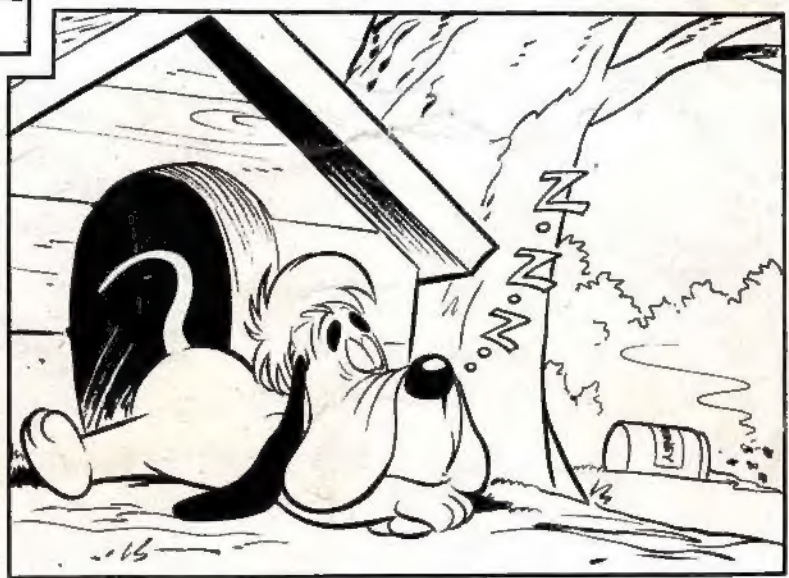
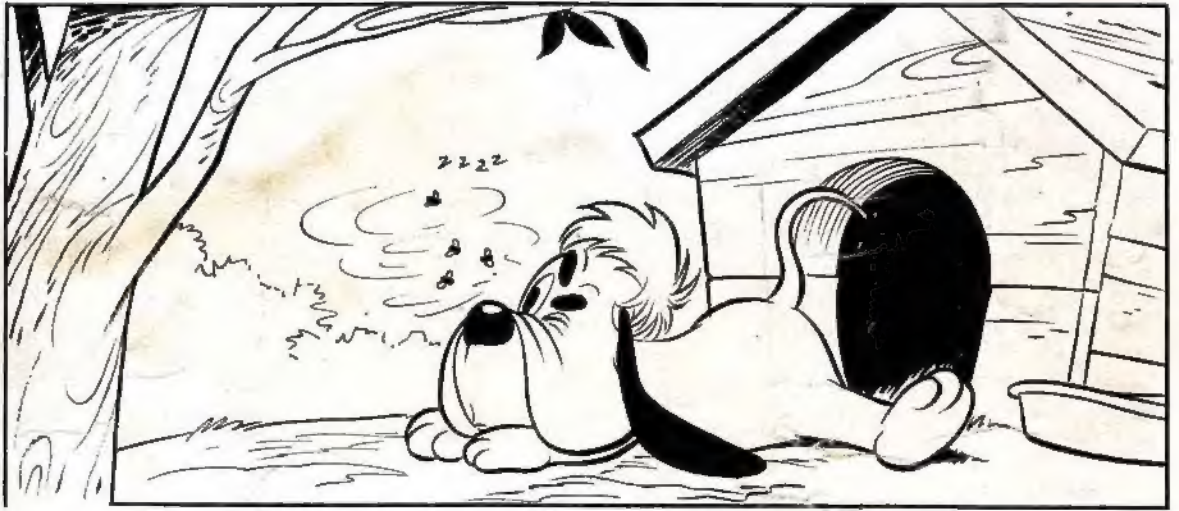


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